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FEW PERSONS will dispute the contention of Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, that prohibition-enforcement officers must be armed and that to disarm them would nullify the Eighteenth Amendment. But it is one thing to carry arms, and even to use them at times, and quite another to engage in the riot of violence that seems to have been going on lately at numerous points along the Canadian border. So we are glad that Mr. Hoover has showed his disapproval of recent tactics by ordering that border patrolmen discard rifles and shotguns and carry only service revolvers—which is quite enough. The shooting of Henry Virkula is still unexplained and according to available accounts unjustifiable. Mr. Lowman's own statement is worse than none, because he asserts newspaper accounts to be "highly colored" but he fails to supply any other version. If it is true that in order to apprehend Virkula—even if he didn't stop and was absolutely known to be guilty of some far more serious crime than smuggling liquor—a customs patrolman shot at an automobile carrying a woman and two children, the officer stands condemned of wanton violence for which public sentiment will not excuse him in any civilized country. And if Treasury Department officials attempt to defend that kind of law enforcement they will have only themselves to blame if Congress so curtails their powers that they cannot accomplish anything at all. Citizens of International Falls, Minnesota, have addressed a statement to Mr. Hoover in which they complain of a regime of lawlessness and terrorism by prohibition agents suggestive of Ireland in the worst days of the black-and-tan outrages. Obviously Mr. Hoover cannot ignore such conditions.

WHILE MILLIONS OF FUTILE WORDS were being spilled upon the thin air of Colorado Springs at the recent national conference on oil conservation, American wells were producing more crude oil than at any time in our history. All things considered, the conference at Colorado Springs was a sorry spectacle. Here were the leaders of the oil industry and the representatives of State and federal governments met to conserve a great national resource, but the result was a stalemate because the independents did not wish to surrender to the great companies any larger proportion of the market than the latter already possessed, and because the States with government-owned oil lands would suffer disproportionately by a plan to suspend new developments. Only the federal government is impartial enough, or powerful enough, to compel conservation in such a competitive chaos, but it is bound and gagged by its dogma of less government in business and by that frail ghost, the Sherman anti-trust act. In fact the ghost appeared during the convention when a federal District Court decided on June 11 that the Standard Oil Company and fifty-one associated companies were guilty of violating the Sherman act by pooling oil-cracking processes. Probably the decision is legally sound, but economically it is particularly unfortunate at a moment when unified action in production is the only thing that can prevent irreparable waste of our oil resources. Competing private owners cannot check that waste, and Mr. Hoover the public engineer is likely to have to transgress the limits of "rugged individualism" in working out the necessary plan of conservation.

AMONG NON-COMBATANTS bishops are only a little less objectionable than admirals when they indulge in propaganda against peace and pacifists. The Right Reverend Michael J. Gallagher of Detroit, in a Memorial Day speech in that city, railed against "certain Christians who are going about the country foolishly talking peace." "Peace is fine, theoretically," said the reverend bishop, who was dedicating the graves of five Polish veterans killed in the World War,

> but when the rest of the world is armed to the teeth it would be treason to our flag not to be prepared. . . . I do not think it a warlike spirit for me to say that this country should prepare for all such contingencies which would take from us all the precious things we enjoy.

Before visiting the graves, Bishop Gallagher blessed first a cross and then a flagpole. "After the cross," said he, "we

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bless the flag. . . . We would risk our lives and all we are in its defense." Defense of the fallacy of preparedness is particularly obnoxious in the mouth of a frocked priest who will never be called upon to risk his life or any other of the "precious things" he enjoys for the liberty of which he talks so glibly.

THE TEMPEST which came out of the White House teapot on June 12 when Mrs. Hoover poured tea for Mrs. Oscar De Priest, wife of the new Negro Congressman from Chicago, has spread across the entire South and threatens to lose the Republican Party more votes than any broken election pledges. Although the social gathering which Mrs. De Priest attended was a routine affair to which wives of Congressmen were invited as a matter of course, Southern politicians have denounced Mrs. Hoover's hospitable act as a cardinal sin second only in barbarism to Theodore Roosevelt's entertainment of Booker T. Washington. Senator Caraway of Arkansas introduced the story of the tea into the *Congressional Record,* the Texas Senate passed a resolution declaring that the good citizens of that Hooverized State bowed their heads "in shame and regret," and, in Virginia, leaders of the Republican forces declared that Mrs. Hoover's act would cost the party 25,000 votes in the State. Mrs. Hoover is to be congratulated for the human decency of her act and for the dignified silence she has maintained since.

THE STANDARDIZATION and commercialization of the American press will be hastened substantially if the project announced by Eugene Greenhut to establish a new chain of twenty or more daily newspapers is realized. Mr. Greenhut is known as the organizer of the Hahn chain of department stores, and so far as we know has had no previous connection with journalism. He says that the new chain is not to be assembled in the interest of power companies or any other propaganda, but purely as a business enterprise, and that the editorial policies of the newspapers purchased will not be interfered with. Assuming this to be true, the new chain will resemble that of Frank E. Gannett rather than the Scripps-Howard group, the latter having in considerable degree a centralized editorial policy with specific propaganda aims. The fortunes of the new chain will be worth following not merely because it represents another limitation of the old idea of a newspaper as a local and individual expression, but also because it seems to recognize journalism as worth exploiting for its purely money-making possibilities. It has scarcely had that reputation in the past. The founding of a new newspaper has long been regarded as a hazardous, not to say foolhardy, venture, while even the purchase of a journal already established on a paying basis has been looked upon as an investment involving considerable risk. Mere working journalists will be interested to know that times have changed—that there is money in their trade even though they have never been able to lay hands on it.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, about to take office as the youngest university president in the country, recently made a few remarks at the University of Chicago, his new home, on the purpose of higher education—a good, safe topic that gathers to itself some of the handsomest and most meaningless platitudes in existence. But the University of Chicago's president-elect avoided them very neatly. Higher education, said Mr. Hutchins, has been objected to on the ground that it upsets and disturbs the minds of young men and women, so that they come out of college bewildered and unable to orient themselves in a harsh and practical world. But, said this young man fresh from the Yale Law School:

> The conception of education as a process of settling, or hardening, of the fixation of sound principles and righteous dogma in the youth of America brings me at once to state my own view of the purpose of university training.
>
> It is that the purpose of higher education is to unsettle the minds of young men, to widen their horizon, to influence their intellects . . . not to teach men facts, theories, or laws. It is not to reform them, or to amuse them, or to make them technicians in any field. It is to teach them to think, to think straight if possible, but to think always for themselves. . . .
>
> If a man hasn't character, if he hasn't the germs of intellectual interest, if he doesn't care to amount to anything, the colleges can't give him a character or intellectual interest or make him amount to anything.

This indicates that Mr. Hutchins, not so many years removed from his undergraduate days himself, can do a little thinking on his own account. The concept of an undergraduate as a piece of clay to be molded by his instructors into a God-fearing member of the Republican Party is obviously artificial. The undergraduate in most of his processes is already a man; the college can and should open to him paths of which he is as yet unaware, but he may walk them only if he will.

IN THE RESIGNATION of O. C. Merrill, for nine years executive secretary of the Federal Power Commission, to become head of the American section of the World Power Conference, the public service loses an able and disinterested administrator. Although his sympathies were with private ownership and operation of utilities, he did not hesitate to expose the hypocrisy of the bid which the power companies made for Muscle Shoals. He said that

> it would seem that a surplus [over fertilizer necessities] of one and three-fourths billion kilowatt hours . . . would be an adequate subsidy for the United States to pay in order to induce private capital to produce fertilizer at Muscle Shoals under restrictions limiting profits to 8 per cent. If to secure such private operation it is necessary to grant an additional subsidy of two billion kilowatt hours [Cove Creek], having an additional sales value of $4,400,000 per annum, with an additional investment by the United States of $69,000,000 . . . it would seem time for the United States to abandon efforts in this direction and to proceed itself to operate Muscle Shoals.

Mr. Merrill's resignation at this time may be explained in part by the introduction of Senator Couzens's bill to transfer the functions of the Federal Power Commission to a new Communications and Power Commission; and in part by the difficulty of attempting to administer a great public domain without adequate funds or staff. Congress has starved the Federal Power Commission until it is helpless to perform even one-half of its regulatory functions. One result is that today $280,000,000 in investment claims of power concerns remain unaudited. They represent a considerable opportunity for any new official appointed to play Santa Claus to the power companies.

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WITH CHARACTERISTIC INGENUITY Mr. Lloyd George interprets the recent British election as "a Liberal mandate." The only program which triumphed, he explains, was the Liberal program—peace, disarmament, solution of the employment problem, and free trade. But, he warns,

> we [the Liberals] must declare that as far as lies in our power the mandate of the Government ends when it fails to pursue a Liberal policy. The very hour the Ministry decides to become a Socialist administration its career ends. For it has no authority from the nation to embark upon socialistic experiments.

This, of course, is but further proof of Mr. George's consummate cleverness at turning defeat into the semblance of victory. The Socialists dare not be socialistic; the Liberals had all the bright ideas although they have not the representation, and they hold the balance of power. It is necessary to recall that in other days Mr. George himself had very obvious socialistic ideas, as evidenced in his solution of the land problem and government insurance; but like all good politicians he did not let his past principles interfere with the exigencies of the moment. As for the balance of power, it can be held by the Liberal Party only as a unit, and there is no indication from Liberal members of Parliament that they intend to vote in unison. As leader of his party Mr. Lloyd George commands a broken host; but as a lone sailor upon the political seas he has no equal. When the winds blow him about he changes his course as readily as if he had always meant to go that way; if he does not make port he does remain afloat, cheerful, dramatic, alive. He is perhaps not a great statesman, but he is an incomparable navigator.

PREMIER HERTZOG and the Nationalist Party were returned to power in South Africa with an increased majority in the general election of June 12. The South African Party, headed by Jan C. Smuts, gained twelve seats, most of them at the expense of the Labor Party, which is hopelessly split into two factions. The main issues in the campaign were the native question and the trade treaty with Germany, negotiated by Premier Hertzog but not yet ratified. Premier Hertzog who, since 1924, has headed a "pact" government with the cooperation of the Labor Party, raised the cry of "a white South Africa" and tried to take away the present franchise from the natives in the Cape Province, the only province in which they vote on the same basis as whites. He proposed to have the natives represented in parliament by Europeans elected by them. The two-thirds majority necessary to pass such drastic legislation was lacking in the Assembly, but the question was carried over into the election campaign. General Smuts, after accusing General Hertzog of raising the native issue for lack of better campaign material, set out to defeat the Nationalists on that issue. General Smuts is not to be considered the champion of the natives. He simply felt that this delicate question should not have been dragged into the recent campaign. His reasons are probably no more altruistic than Premier Hertzog's reasons for introducing it, but they are undoubtedly more subtle. His own solution called for a national convention, with native delegates included, to settle the native question without dragging it as a controversial issue into a political campaign.

THE SECOND ISSUE—the trade treaty with Germany—is in reality another race issue, for Premier Hertzog's party is on the whole composed of Dutch elements, while the South African Party is predominantly British. The trade treaty gives to Germany preferences hitherto reserved for members of the empire. It is opposed by the South African Party both because of its threat to inter-imperial relations and also because it is considered detrimental to the economic interests of large sections of the Union. Meanwhile the Labor Party representation in the Assembly continues to be split mainly upon the question of natives and the trade unions. The two factions are designated as Creswell Laborites, who are "pure white" in policy, and National Council Laborites, who are in favor at least of cooperation with native unions. In our issue of December 12, 1928, we described one of the high points in this struggle when Mr. Madeley, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in the Coalition Cabinet, lost his portfolio because he had the temerity to receive a deputation from the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union, a native organization. Since the ousting of Mr. Madeley, the labor representation in the Cabinet has consisted entirely of Creswell Laborites. Now that Premier Hertzog has been returned with an increased majority, he may be able to form a Cabinet without any help from the Laborites. Probably, however, they will hold the balance of power, while the increased strength of the South African Party will prevent him from putting through any very drastic legislation in the difficult matter of native representation.

COUNT JULIUS ANDRASSY, Hungarian statesman and son of an even more famous Julius Andrassy, died in full knowledge of the probably final defeat of his lifelong hopes. Andrassy was an honest reactionary, a sincere but narrow patriot. He fought through a long political career for Hungary's integrity, first within the Austro-Hungarian Empire, later as an independent state under a legitimate monarch. He died leaving his country a shorn remnant of its former self, with little hope of better things. A restoration of the monarchy to which he was unflinchingly loyal is apparently as far off as ever; Andrassy's daughter is still disinherited and in exile with her revolutionist husband, Michael Karolyi, the Count's former friend and ally; and the international relations of Hungary are charged with bitterness and uncertainty. The New York *Times* correspondent in Budapest reports a conversation with Count Andrassy only a week before his death in which the Count deplored the present state of Central Europe: "Confessing he had lost all hope when President Wilson's promise of a just peace was unfulfilled, he protested: 'There are more causes of war in Middle Europe now than in 1914.'"

WITH THIS ISSUE of *The Nation* Henry Raymond Mussey rejoins the staff as managing editor and vice-president. During the war years of storm and stress, 1917-1919, Mr. Mussey held the same position, to which he brought unending courage, deep learning, wise vision. Since then a journalist in Washington, and later professor of economics in Wellesley College, he now reenters the service of this journal. In the opinion of his associates no event in recent years has meant so much for the vigor, the authority, and the continued influence of *The Nation*.

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Hoover Wins—And Loses

MR. HOOVER has had his first serious tussle with Congress, and his friends are saying that he has won. As proof they point exultantly to the passage of the farm-relief act stripped of the export-bounty provisions which the Senate wanted to include and the President insisted must come out. But although the Senate finally accepted the emasculated agricultural bill by a vote of 74 to 8, at practically the same time it decided by 43 to 37 to disregard Mr. Hoover's objections to the limitation of immigration according to the national-origins plan. As Mr. Hoover had stressed the repeal of the national-origins law in his campaign speeches, and had mentioned it as one of his objects in calling Congress together in extraordinary session, the Senate's obduracy is of more than ordinary significance. It should not be forgotten, either, that by his course the President has become the sponsor of the present agricultural law, and in so far as it fails to bring relief he personally will be held accountable.

The passage of the farm act will probably turn out to be a greater defeat for Mr. Hoover than the failure to repeal the national-origins legislation. In theory the national-origins plan is intended to do away with the unfairness of fixing quotas in accordance with any one single census. The idea is said to be to adjust quotas according to the total contributions of the various races to our population, going as far back as the original census of 1790 for that purpose. The great objection to the scheme lies in the inadequacy and inaccuracy of many early figures. So great is the objection from this standpoint that the officials charged with fixing the quotas (of whom Mr. Hoover as Secretary of Commerce was one) have been the chief critics of their own findings.

In the long run the national-origins legislation will either work or it will not, and it will be accepted or repealed on the basis of such experience. But we can foresee no such alternative for the farm act. It is bound *not to work*—or at least not to fulfil the pledges of Mr. Hoover and the Republican Party to the farmers. When the new Congress was called together last spring we reminded our readers (page 442, April 17) that the platform on which the President was elected promised to place agriculture "on a basis of economic equality with other industry" and that Mr. Hoover himself said in the first speech of his campaign: "The working out of agricultural relief constitutes the most important obligation of the next administration." We said there was no possibility that Congress would dare to carry out the Republican Party's pledge, and the farm bill, as passed, justifies that prediction. We are not presuming to discredit the Farm Board in advance of its record. With the revolving fund provided by the law it may well give some practical assistance in the direction of cooperative marketing, but it will not so much as try to place agriculture "on a basis of economic equality with other industry." To do that would destroy the privileges of the favored few who control the Republican Party and whom it exists to serve.

The Nation has not advocated the export bounties on various agricultural products proposed in the Senate's debenture plan. It has viewed the scheme as economically unsound in practically the same ways as were true of the equalization fee of the McNary-Haugen legislation. At the same time we insist that viewed from the Republican philosophy of protective tariffs the debenture plan was reasonable and consistent. Like all protective tariffs it would have robbed Peter to pay Paul, and probably in the long run it would have broken down, but it was the one possible way of extending immediate relief to the grain farmers of the West for whom the pledge in the Republican platform was chiefly made. As matters stand the farmers have not only been denied a chance to dip into the pork barrel but they are subjected to the additional ignominy of seeing the old groups of grabbers invited to step up and pull out larger hunks of fat than ever before.

Here, we believe, Mr. Hoover faces his most acute test and is most likely to meet with disaster. No general help for the farmers can come from increasing the tariff on various agricultural products. Those who are raising articles which are now imported in considerable degree, and of which there is no exportable surplus raised here, may profit substantially, but they are not the farmers who are in trouble. Depression exists among the growers of our great staples, like grain and cotton, of which we raise more than we consume and the prices of which are fixed, therefore, in the international markets where we have to sell our surplus. The growers of these crops have been denied possible immediate relief through the defeat of export bounties, and Mr. Hoover will have a lot of explaining to do if the same Congress which did this goes on to pass a general scheme of more protection for manufactured articles, as contemplated in the Hawley bill.

Mr. Hoover should not forget the fate of President Taft, who let Congress perpetrate an imposition of a similar sort upon the country. To fall out with his party over the tariff would not be pleasant for Mr. Hoover, but to fall out with the country would be still more serious. There is no doubt how the Republican Party is heading in Congress. The House has already shown its hand on the Hawley bill, while Mr. Watson, the Republican leader in the Senate, is equally explicit. He has repudiated Mr. Hoover's demand for a "limited" revision of the tariff. Of course he does not approve of an "unlimited" revision. Heaven forfend! But he thinks a "general" revision would be about right. The defeat of Mr. Borah's resolution to confine tariff revision to farm products indicates that a majority of the Senate agrees with Mr. Watson. Unless the movement is checked by Mr. Hoover through a definite threat of a veto, the Congress which was called together primarily to help the farmer will end not only by ignoring him but by handing out further favors to his historic exploiters.

Incidentally, although there will be no help for the growers of wheat, there will be plenty for the producers of chaff. And that is as it should be. For without an ample surplus of chaff how would Republican politicians be able to fool the farmers in another election?

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What Is America?

IN a recently published book about the French * Oliver Madox Hueffer begins by saying that Paris is not France. His brother, Ford Madox Ford, wrote a book on the United States a couple of years ago which bore the title "New York Is Not America." There is truth in both these contentions, which, despite their varying applications, are the same. Yet as good—probably a better—argument can be made on the other side. Indeed, Mr. Hueffer goes on to say that the French and English can never understand one another—a legend which also needs reexamination—and then remarks that a Frenchman from Marseilles cannot understand a countryman from Nancy any better than he can a man from Manchester. Thus it appears that the French cannot understand themselves any better than they can the English. Who, then, are the French? On what spot can we put our finger and declare This is France?

Likewise, if New York City is not America, where should a modern Columbus go to discover it? Is America Waterbury, Connecticut? Is it Kinsale, Virginia? Is it Pittsburgh? Is it Kansas City? Is it Benton County, Iowa? Is it the State of Arizona? Some may argue that no city is America. But we are no longer a rural nation; hardly more than one-fourth of our inhabitants now live on farms. It may be said, too, that New York is unduly foreign; yet other cities and localities contain a higher percentage of aliens than it does. Admittedly New York has a larger proportion of Jewish residents than the country at large, but many other places have more than the average of Negroes or Chinese. The most valid argument against New York as America is probably the undeniable fact that the metropolis is partially Europeanized in its habits of life and thought, or, to put it in another way, cosmopolitan. On the other hand, there is no place in the country where one finds more of that restless energy and that devotion to material success which among non-Americans are regarded as the outstanding qualities of our citizens. It is undeniable, too, that New York is the financial and commercial, the literary and artistic leader of the country; it sets the mode in drama and journalism, in dress and deportment, in education, philanthropy, sport, and science.

New York is not popular in the United States at large. Other places are a little jealous and a little afraid of it. But it is the city to which, if possible, all Americans come some time before they die. In the meantime, they read about it and imitate it, however insistently they pretend not to. All over the country the ambitious and the eager, the want-to-be-wealthy and the would-be smart have their eyes on Manhattan Island—the Mecca and the model of the continent. It is a recognized truth that people must be judged by what they want to be as well as by what they are, and on this basis at least half of the residents of the United States are New Yorkers.

It is an impossible feat to pick out a typical American. On the one hand, he is represented by a modern projection of the old pioneer type, say a man like ex-Vice-President Dawes. On the other hand, the typical American is the son of an Irish construction foreman and a Swedish chambermaid, born in Peoria, Illinois, and at present representing a British exporting firm in Valparaiso, Chile. It is just as hard to pick out any spot in the United States and say that it is America as it is to isolate and identify the typical American. Certainly any foreign visitor having a month or even a week in which to see America would be foolish to spend it all in New York City. But if he had only one day he would be foolish to spend it anywhere else. And is this not perhaps the test; is it not the proof that there is more of America in the limits of Manhattan Island than in any equal number of square miles in any other part of the country?

Assuredly New York is not America. But any other locality of similar size is even less so.

* "French France." By Oliver Madox Hueffer. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

More Votes for Women

THE Americanization of Porto Rico has extended even into the field of women's rights and has overthrown a Latin tradition of long standing. By an act of the Porto Rican Legislature women who can read and write have been granted the suffrage. The act is significant since, with only a few half-hearted exceptions, Latin-American women have nowhere else the right to vote. In Brazil an amusing controversy affecting the whole country has arisen from the exercise of the vote by the women of one inconsiderable state. According to a recent article in the *Woman's Journal,* the vote was granted to the women of Rio Grande do Norte by act of their state legislature. Subsequently a national election was held, the women of this state voting. But the unsuccessful candidate for the Brazilian Senate from Rio Grande do Norte saw in the new order of things a chance of reversing his electoral fortunes. On the ground that an election participated in by women was illegal, he contested the result, contending that while the constitution gave the ballot to citizens the word "citizen" was a masculine noun and that women were thus, under the national law, debarred from the franchise, no matter what action a state legislature might take in the matter. There seems, however, to be doubt about the gender of this significant noun; so much doubt, in fact, that the question is now before the supreme court of the country, and much hangs on the decision. If the court decides that "citizen" is masculine, the defeated senatorial candidate will presumably have a new chance of election and the women of Rio Grande do Norte will lose the vote. But if it is decided that "citizen" may be feminine as well, then all Brazilian women will automatically be enfranchised.

Whether the procedure of one country is likely to affect another is difficult to determine. It is interesting, however, to consider in this connection the case of Mexico, where, grammatically speaking, women also have the vote through a court-made interpretation of the gender of a word. But there the privilege is a paper one. Women are largely, and perhaps realistically, indifferent to the formalities of the suffrage and the law is a dead one, waiting on the statute books for a democratic-feminist movement to bring it out of the records and into the polling booths.

So the women of Porto Rico are almost alone in their

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glory. It is a curious fact that the proposal to grant them the vote was not opposed by any party. The successful measure was attacked by the minority but specifically on the grounds of its literacy qualification which excludes from voting not only all women who cannot read or write but equally all illiterate men except those who voted in the last two elections. Senator Iglesias assailed the qualification with all his usual vehemence as a measure denying "the right to vote to 300,000 Porto Rican women and 150,000 Porto Rican men." He pointed to the wretchedly inadequate provisions for public education and appealed to the "banner of the United States" to protect the Porto Rican people from the injustice about to be wreaked upon them by the "Mussolini of Wall Street politics" (presumably the majority leader, Antonio R. Barceló). But the measure was passed none the less and, as *Porto Rico Progress* points out, whatever the practical results the "undeniable and really stupendous fact is that a tropical island with four centuries of Spanish traditions and customs as its social and political background has placed woman on a footing of political equality with man."

MacDonald and Hoover

THE successful meeting between Ramsay MacDonald and Ambassador Dawes was followed by the official announcement that other naval Powers are to be drawn into the proposed naval disarmament conference. Official London confesses that it is surprised, and well it may be, particularly as Mr. MacDonald now waves aside a possible visit by him to Washington to discuss the situation personally with Mr. Hoover. Evidently events are moving rapidly and in the direction of general disarmament rather than merely an agreement between the United States and Great Britain. A general conference of the naval Powers will give a greater opportunity for far-reaching decisions provided, of course, that the admirals are rigidly excluded and the discussions are restricted to men who sincerely wish to put an end to a situation which is as nonsensical as it is dangerous to the peace of the world. We are particularly glad to note this fine statement by Mr. Dawes in the London *Daily News:*

> We have had hundreds of years of useless warfare. I consider that the time of the old-fashioned diplomat is over and that the people like myself, who are not careerists, should have an opportunity for settling the affairs of the world. A policy of straightforwardness will have better results. Past experience has surely taught us the futility of settling the world's troubles in any other way.

There speaks the right spirit. If it is in this sense that a conference will meet, the world may look for extraordinary results. Yet we shall be disappointed if Mr. MacDonald does not come to Washington and we are not to have the spectacle of the heads of two great nations sitting down to discuss the relations of those two countries in as quiet and common-sense a way, without fuss and feathers, as if they were discussing private affairs. It would do a lot to remove the old idea that diplomatic representatives must come together as veiled enemies, each seeking by the skilful use of words or tricks of various kinds to get ahead of the other.

But whether Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald do or do not meet, the essential question is in just what spirit and with what program is Mr. Hoover working? Everything depends upon that, whether there is to be a general conference or one of two men. Here it is to be noted that thus far Mr. Hoover has run true to form in that he has dealt indirectly with the problem. The proposal for the joint meeting was initiated by Edward Price Bell, a member of the staff of the Chicago *Daily News*. The most important utterance in connection with naval disarmament has come from Mr. Hoover's Secretary of State. His messenger is Ambassador Dawes. While the President's Memorial Day address dwelt forcibly upon the desirability of disarmament, there was no direct reference to Great Britain and there were the usual words with which every American politician safeguards his references to peace.

The unknown factor is plainly, therefore, Mr. Hoover. Yet there can be no doubt that he is sincerely in favor of some action which will make unnecessary the building of the fifteen cruisers voted last winter by Congress without thought or intelligence—since rendered entirely useless by the creation of the new German super-cruisers. Mr. Hoover cannot, of course, consent to any plan for an offensive and defensive alliance between the two countries; he cannot disregard the fact, any more than Mr. MacDonald, that the bulk of the British people still feel that their battleships are their sole defense—the one thing that holds the empire together. But so far as these men have the power they could at once agree to end competitive naval building; they could decide upon an immediate conference between representative citizens of both countries to deal with the question of neutral rights in war time and the freedom of the seas; they could agree to strengthen the Kellogg pact by pledging that neither the United States nor Great Britain shall give any aid or supplies to any participant in a future war; and, finally, they could unite upon actual disarmament on common-sense lines without the malign influences of admirals who either take counsel of absurd fears, or are actuated chiefly by a desire to preserve their profession.

Such an outcome would be acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic, particularly in England. Even the military party there should be for drastic disarmament on the sea. British danger lies today not on the ocean but in the air. Battleships, in the opinion of liberally minded naval officers everywhere, are finished. The day of the silent bombing plane is not far distant and the steady increase in its cargo of deadly missiles, filled with either poison gas or explosives, renders the warship the easier mark. It is admitted that in our latest air maneuvers the forts in New York were technically "destroyed" by a bombing machine which could be heard but not seen because of a haze. But, waiving the fact that Great Britain has everything to gain because of her geographical position by the abolition of war, what the world needs above all else today is the spectacle of Great Britain and the United States deliberately setting aside the possibility of hostilities between them, agreeing to end the building of armaments which, as the world is situated today, can only be intended for use against each other, and proving to mankind their readiness to put their faith in other things than the madness of armaments. No nation can be truly great which is not willing to put its faith in moral values, which is not now ready to refuse to compromise with that sum total of all villainy, war.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

SCIENCE for the most part leads, and spreads out carpets for the stumbling feet of the laggard public. It is science which has given us vitamins, arthritis, and the radio, and each new gift was a distinct surprise. But upon occasion some wise man emerges from his laboratory to trumpet a discovery which everybody knows. Within a month a doctor of Columbia has announced that it is no affliction to be left-handed, and that parents and guardians should never interfere with the south-paw tendency of infants. As I remember, he said that stuttering was common among the natural left-handers who had been turned over by parental authority.

But was it necessary in this land to convince the doubters of the fact? Is the fame of Babe Ruth forgotten merely because he recuperates from some trivial ailment? And even while the great man suns himself in well-earned rest Lefty Grove of the Athletics mows down all opposing batters and Lou Gehrig propels long drives into the far-flung stands. Even before the days of these mighty ones others performed prodigious deeds of personal propaganda in order to demonstrate that the left-handed man is far from contemptible. There were Rube Marquard and Waddell, Nap Rucker and Hal Chase.

If the good doctor is a humanitarian rather than a pure scientist he could easily have emphasized a better reason for the preservation of left-handers than the fear of stuttering. He could, for instance, have pointed out that the lad who bats from the left side of the plate is one stride nearer first base and that every big-league team in the country is constantly on the watch for efficient south-paw pitchers. Nor is the modern game of baseball the first activity in which the necessity of right-handedness has been shown to be fallacious. In that great treasury of intuitive wisdom which we call the Bible these very modern researches are foretold after a fashion. It is a mistake for moderns to assume that the Bible is but a feeble foe to the research men. Much that they have done is but some slight continuation and amplification of the things seen dimly by old prophets in their visions. In the fifteenth verse of the third chapter of the Book of Judges it is written: "And afterwards they cried out to the Lord who raised them up a savior called Aod, the son of Gera, the son of Jemini, who used the left hand as well as the right."

Such people are known in our own day, for there is Frankie Frisch of the Cardinals who bats either right- or left-handed according to the pitching served against him. But it seems probable that the old chronicler was merely trying to spare the feelings of Gera and Jemini by describing Aod as ambidextrous, for there is later evidence in the Book of Judges that he actually favored his left hand.

Aod, as you may possibly remember, was sent to Eglon, the King of Moab, ostensibly to bear gifts from the children of Israel, but, in reality, to kill the oppressor. "Aod," says the vivid Scriptural narrative, "went into him: now he was sitting in a summer parlor alone, and he said: I have a word from God to thee. And he forthwith rose up from his throne. And Aod put forth his left hand, and took the dagger from his right thigh, and thrust it into his belly with such force that the haft went in after the blade into the wound, and was closed up with the abundance of fat."

Obviously Aod was at heart a south-paw. Possibly he used his right hand at the dinner table or in composing letters. But when there was a king to kill he swung his left, for if you strike at a king you must kill him.

When some great scholar comes to write the long-neglected book entitled "A History of Left-handers from the Earliest Times," it may well be that Aod will stand as the ancestor of them all. He is the only one of his tribe mentioned by name in the Bible, although the peculiarity is favorably noted in the twentieth chapter of Judges. Here the Bible describes "The inhabitants of Gabaa, who were seven hundred most valiant men, fighting with the left hand as well as with the right, and slinging stones so sure that they could hit even a hair, and not miss by the stone's going on either side."

It is interesting to note that again the soft impeachment of ambidexterity is introduced, but again it is safe to assume that they, too, were in reality left-handers when the fight grew hottest. It may even be that Gabaa was a town specially set aside for left-handed people, a place of refuge for a rather undesirable sort of citizen. On the other hand there is internal evidence which must be considered. The Bible commends the south-paws of Gabaa for control as well as speed. They could hit even a hair. This is by no means true of any pitchers of their persuasion today. Ball players say, "Wild as a south-paw," and when they wish to irritate some companion they remark, "May all your children be left-handed."

Wildness is associated with left-handers in many respects other than their tendency to issue bases on balls. The peculiarity is unquestionably an indication of revolt against established custom. Primitive man may have been ambidextrous, but with the growth of civilization came religious and military customs and these at certain points necessitated some general agreement as to which hand should be used. Man chose the right. I don't know why. In warfare he may have been moved by the desire to hold the shield across his heart. These left-handers then were obviously very daring and desperate fighters. They were willing to leave the heart unguarded just so long as they could get in a vital blow against the adversary.

In addition to military and religious usage business probably was an early factor in dictating the use of the right hand. Here again the early trader kept the shield close to his breast to guard against the contingency of the deal's falling through. Men who reversed the traditional use of the hands were regarded as abnormal. After all the left-hander was impious in religion, subversive to military discipline, and unlisted in business. He was in other words a rebel, and I think the condition holds down to the present day. When a man shakes a forefinger in his eagerness to explain that the Republican Party is necessary for the happiness of the American people you will always note that he is using his right hand.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Radio Trust Gets the Air!

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., June 17

PRESIDENT HOOVER emerges victorious from his fight to keep the debenture plan out of the farm bill, but it is a sorry triumph. He has lost prestige, and alienated some of his warmest supporters. The Senate is sore because it was beaten, and the House—which editors sometimes jokingly describe as "the more statesmanlike body"—is even sorer because it was compelled to vote on the issue at all. Although playing the losing role, the Senate exhibited a quality of political judgment that was conspicuously superior to the President's, and a brand of courage that put the House to shame. The fact is that the whole fight was unnecessary, and Mr. Hoover could have avoided it simply by exercising a little more candor in dealing with the Senate. If he had said in the beginning, when he was asked for a plain statement of his wishes, that he was opposed to the debenture, the chances are it never would have passed the Senate. Instead, he chose to mumble vaguely about "respecting the independence of Congress," while he endeavored in more devious ways to make his will felt through the House, and thus got into a peck of trouble. As for the bill in its final form, few have any great confidence that it will actually relieve the farmers. The farmers have not, and the legislators who voted for the bill privately laugh at it. Obviously it cannot be called a "Hoover farm bill," for it is practically the old Jardine bill, which has been kicked around Washington for several years. The debenture plan is far from dead. It will appear again when the tariff bill reaches the floor of the Senate, and probably will receive votes then which it did not receive this week. At that time, the argument in its favor can be made to sound singularly effective, because it is identical with the argument for a protective tariff.

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THE best story in Washington recently—and the one of which newspaper readers have heard the least—developed in connection with the Couzens bill to establish a Federal Commission on Communications and Power. In the first place, the significance of the measure itself has been almost universally neglected. It proposes to create a federal body equivalent to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which would have general regulatory powers over interstate and foreign communication by wire and wireless, and over the interstate transmission of power. That is, it would regulate the ownership, control, service, *and rates* of all companies engaged in those occupations. It is reported, and all honest people will hope it is true, that Mr. Hoover not only favors the general purpose of the bill, but that the inclusion in it of interstate power lines was made at his suggestion. While hearings on the measure were in progress before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, Senator Couzens, the chairman, caught the power and communications magnates napping, and put through the Senate a resolution empowering his committee to conduct one of the most sweeping investigations ever authorized by the Senate. It authorizes the committee to inquire into the ownership, control, financing, service, trade practices, and rates of all companies engaged in interstate communication by telephone, telegraph, or radio, or in foreign communication by radio or cable, or in the interstate transmission of power. It covers all the ground covered by the Walsh resolution—which the power interests fought to a standstill—and five times as much more. It enables a committee whose membership includes such sharpshooters as Wheeler of Montana, Howell of Nebraska, Brookhart of Iowa, Dill of Washington, and Couzens of Michigan to make an exhaustive examination of the affairs of such corporations as the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the Radio Corporation of America, to say nothing of the various great power combines. Why the wire and wireless moguls permitted such a package of dynamite to slide through without any attempt to stop it is difficult to explain, unless they were asleep. However, I suppose they might be excused for overlooking the significance of a resolution whose significance was completely lost on nine-tenths of the Senate itself, and on an even larger proportion of the Senate Press Gallery. The grand inquisition is scheduled to begin in the fall.

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DISCLOSURES of tremendous import have already occurred in the course of the hearings, although most of the newspapers and press associations have seen fit to ignore them. Most of these disclosures concerned the Radio Corporation of America, its extraordinary efforts to monopolize practically every field of this new art, and the apparent apathy, or actual sympathy, of certain government departments toward those efforts. For example, it has been testified within the last few days that the Radio Corporation's practical monopoly on the manufacture of receiving sets rests very largely upon its ownership of a certain patent, and that this patent is antedated by a patent in the possession of the Navy Department. Yet the Navy Department has made no effort to establish legal priority for its patent, although (some say "because") by so doing it might break the Radio Corporation's control of the industry. The story of the navy patent itself is an interesting one. The invention of two German scientists, Schloemilch and von Bronck, it was seized during the war by the Alien Property Custodian. Subsequently, while A. Mitchell Palmer was custodian, it was sold to the Navy Department, along with 105 other German patents, for the staggering sum of $1,690. Numerous independent manufacturers, compelled to pay tribute in royalties to the Radio Corporation, have appealed to the Navy Department to cooperate in efforts to establish the priority of the navy patent, but all have fallen on deaf ears. Nevertheless, the Fada company, sued in the courts of Canada by the Radio Corporation for alleged infringement, set up the defense that the navy patent anticipated the Radio Corporation patent, and was finally upheld by the Supreme Court of Canada. The Radio Corporation has appealed to the British Privy Council.

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ONE navy officer who was examined by the committee acknowledged that it was the department's policy to do nothing which might disturb the position enjoyed by the Radio Corporation through its patent monopoly, and explained it on the ground that the Radio Corporation was originally organized at the suggestion of two naval officers. This is another amazing story, but space will not permit details. Briefly, when the war ended, the Government was left in possession of the radio transmitting stations which it had taken over for military purposes. Their operation was in the hands of Admiral William H. G. Bullard (now dead) and Commander S. C. Hooper. Early in 1919 it was announced that the General Electric Company was negotiating for the sale to the British Marconi Company of the Alexanderson alternator, a modern and economical device for transmitting over long distances. Bullard and Hooper, alarmed by the specter of "a British radio monopoly," appealed to the General Electric not to conclude the sale, but to retain the invention and establish an American radio communications company. It was as the result of this suggestion that the Radio Corporation was organized by the General Electric. Incidentally, this episode constitutes the basis for the Radio Corporation's repeated claims that it was organized at "the Government's request." Subsequently, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and the United Fruit Company were taken into the Radio Corporation. They pooled their patents for its use and benefit. It may or may not shed some light upon the lofty patriotism of these companies to note that the patent agreements contained a clause providing that in the event the Government should ever take over the Radio Corporation, all its patents should revert to the companies from which they were received.

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"BRITISH monopoly" has been the favorite bugaboo of the Radio Corporation in justifying its own monopolistic tendencies. To hear its officials speak, one might be persuaded that only the gallant R. C. A. stands between the American people and the dark designs of a British wire-and-wireless octopus. This bugaboo assumed a rather comical aspect when the Senate committee examined certain agreements that have been entered into by the Radio Corporation and the British Marconi Company. The agreements showed that these two giants, instead of fighting over the wireless communications business of the world, had calmly sat down and partitioned the world between them. Each reserved for itself a major sphere in which each was privileged to use the other's patents, and one of the patents thus made available to the British company was the Alexanderson alternator! Indeed, the British company was required to make it standard transmitting equipment for distances in excess of 2,000 miles! Outside the two major spheres defined by agreement, the world was divided respectively into "No Man's Land," where the companies agreed to compete for business without using each other's patents, and "neutral territory," which apparently has no business worth getting. The testimony showed that independent manufacturers have repeatedly petitioned the Department of Justice to take cognizance of the Radio Corporation's activities under the anti-trust laws. "But when we appealed to the department," said one witness, "they said they were investigating, and every time we went back, they said the investigation was not completed." It was shown that the Radio Corporation, by virtue of its patent monopoly, coupled with what a witness described as "pure intimidation," had compelled independent manufacturers to pay a royalty not only on the sets they made, but also on the cabinets in which the sets were placed, and finally on the packing cases in which the cabinets were shipped! "It is," declared Senator Dill, "the most outrageous thing I ever heard of." In the field of communication, it is evident that the corporation's monopoly is even more complete than in the field of manufacturing. While this startling testimony was being given before the Senate committee, the Federal Radio Commission allotted fifteen new channels to the Radio Corporation, and renewed its right to use five that it had been using under permits from the Department of Commerce. It now has a total of sixty-five, and the rest of us may soon consider ourselves lucky if we can find air to breathe without paying royalties to the R. C. A. Talk about "getting the air"—this outfit cannot get enough of it! And where is that fine new Department of Justice which Attorney-General Mitchell was to give us?

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I NOTE that *The Nation* dissents, very vigorously, indeed, from my contention (in the issue of May 29) that President Hoover was playing a rather small game when he used White House invitations to purchase freedom from the attention of reporters during his week-end trips to the Rapidan. It was, and is, my opinion, that the President should put public anxiety above personal convenience. *The Nation* dismisses this as "superficial reasoning." It feels that the President has a right to his private life "when not on official duty"; that he needs "rest and quiet" to conserve his strength; and that nobody suffers from anxiety during his absence in the Virginia wilderness unless it is "those copy-chasers who would like to play it up on their front pages if Mr. Hoover should fall into a brook and wet his feet." His case is linked with that of Lindbergh—why, I do not know. Lindbergh is a private citizen. I cannot concur in the theory that the President of the United States goes on and off duty like a crossing watchman, retiring to private life between shifts. The public anxiety to which I alluded is the anxiety which would ensue if important events—either in the President's vicinity, or in any one of a million other places in the world—should make imperative immediate access to him by the press. No one doubts or denies that the President needs rest and quiet; no one familiar with such matters supposes that his rest and quiet would be disturbed by the fact that reporters were quartered somewhere on or near his estate—or that this is his reason for desiring to be rid of them. Everyone who knows anything about such arrangements knows that reporters are around simply as a preparation for possible emergencies, and that they seldom see the President unless he sends for them. The Washington correspondents have their shortcomings; I think I have mentioned some of them. But to suggest that these "copy-chasers" would rather spend their week-ends playing cards in some remote shack in the Shenandoah Valley than spend them on the golf courses of Washington—on the bare chance of seeing Mr. Hoover wet his feet—is to attribute to them an idiotic zeal which has no semblance of reality. In short, *The Nation's* dissent seems to arise not so much from "superficial reasoning" as from deficient information.

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*Modern Spain**

I. The Wreck of an Empire

By CARLETON BEALS

Madrid, June 5

TO a London daily, Primo de Rivera, dictator of Spain, recently declared: "I came to govern, and I have governed." Certainly it must be admitted that he has not yet been thrown out. His remark, a trifle strutting, indicates a paternal government based upon personal caprice. Spain cherishes her feudal institutions. Primo, with his absurd concessions, his iron-clad national monopolies to benefit favorites of the regime, represents neither a laissez-faire policy nor a theory of social control, but purely a medieval economy. Primo de Rivera is an anachronism because Spain is an anachronism. His opera-bouffe enterprise is one result of Spanish stubbornness to relinquish feudal glories; of the failure to create a public-school system; of the national exhaustion and political corruption which today are Spain's chief heritages from her once vast colonial empire. Indeed Primo represents a final vain effort to shut out the modern world from Spain. His sporadic meddling with industrial affairs has all the patina of the medieval and monarchical mind: the sudden imposing or lifting of tariffs to benefit special interests; the ill-considered tinkering with taxes; personal monopolies; reckless exclusive concessions killing individual enterprise—nothing tending toward the release of competitive capitalistic energies as in the United States or the promoting of cooperative social energies as in the Soviet Union.

Though ox-carts are not the customary means of transporting merchandise through the streets of Madrid, as when I was here nine years ago; though taxicabs (in spite of Primo's warning that the excessive importation of automobiles was ruining the peseta) have largely supplanted the former horse-drawn phaetons; though the elegant Gran Via has been pushed a few hundred yards further toward North Station (slightly bent to avoid demolishing a Jesuit school), Spain as a whole remains obstinately aloof from modernism and European currents. True, there have been gestures: the attempt to play a part in Africa, like the great Powers, but with a chocolate-soldier army in screamingly gaudy uniforms and plenty of gold braid, woefuly corrupt. Blood, money, reputations have been poured into the bottomless sands of the insignificant strip of North Africa that fell to Spain by the Franco-Spanish treaty of November, 1912. Again, there is the recent flight to South America—but what other country than Spain would think of calling the plane "All Powerful Jesus"? In the sixteenth century Spain linked the cross and the sword; they are still linked—this much Spain learned from Mohammedanism. And now Spain links the cross and industry in a pattern incongruous. The Virgin of Begoña holds stock certificate No. 1 of the Bank of Vizcaya. New machines are sprinkled with holy water by the priest. Delightful patterns, these, like the velvet in a Velasquez portrait; but patterns which today are more important than the subject—they intrude as symbols of national sorrow. Spain really looks inward, like its houses, toward a social system based upon army and clerical privilege, centering about a monarchical tradition of absolutism, a system of which Primo de Rivera, despite his boastful self-congratulation, is little more than a puppet. At the same time, he is an appropriate political expression of a country where illiteracy still exceeds 50 per cent, where church and state are not separated, where civil marriage means social ostracism, where divorce does not exist, where the army is still an exclusive caste, where aristocracy still flowers in gaudy parasitism, where the King schemes for absolutism over a poverty-stricken population deluded into believing that Spain is still a great Power. Picturesqueness, bullfights, sun-patterns, arrogant beggardom, even magnificent international expositions do not seem appropriate compensations.

Primo de Rivera, in a broad sense, is the culmination of Spain's colonial disasters. Spain lost her colonies, but the account, even to this day, has not been liquidated. With each colony lost, a flood of officers returned to inundate the homeland, where they preyed upon the Spanish nation instead of upon the colonies. Ever since the early part of the nineteenth century Spain has borne a staggering military burden. An officer caste has fastened its steel hooks upon the prostrate nation. In the Middle Ages, and after the early Renaissance religious wars, discharged officers and soldiers became bandits, who were gradually exterminated with the growing power of the national state. But in Spain, last century and this, the now useless colonial armies returned to become virtually brigands within the legal framework. In an earlier century, Primo would have become a *bandolero* or a *contrabandista* in the Andalusian Sierras; in the twentieth, as a result of the unsettling influences of the Great War and of the Moroccan disasters, he becomes head of the state, final retribution to Spain for her great imperialistic adventures in the New World and in Africa.

When the status of the Junker group, after the final loss of the colonies, was seriously imperiled, they precipitated the Moroccan war. In a more immediate sense, Primo is a direct product of the costly Moroccan stupidity. In 1921 the Silvestre disaster—an equipped army of twenty thousand hacked to pieces by a few thousand Moors—resulted in a parliamentary inquiry, which traced responsibility to the door of the King who had been disregarding the War Department and sending orders directly to the front. The trial of General Damasio Berenguer, Commandant of Morocco (pardoned in advance of sentence and subsequently promoted), and other disgraceful disclosures revealed unbelievable corruption: trafficking in arms and supplies, the pocketing of pay-rolls and other moneys; soldiers starving and in rags; officers serving as usurers for the soldiers; officers selling army supplies in personally owned stores; disorder; disobedience.

* The first of four articles on Spain by Carleton Beals. The second, **How Strong Is the Dictatorship?**, will appear in next week's issue.

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Primo seized the reigns of power before the sovereign Cortes could reconvene and bring in their findings; the evidence was put in cold storage. Primo's coup was for the purpose of shielding the army caste and shielding the King. His suppression of free press, free speech, and assemblage, and all self-government, local and national, strangled all dissemination of the truth, choked off all popular reaction.

The army in Spain is an army of the dynasty rather than the army of the nation. Through discreet promotions of younger officers to generalships, in defiance of army regulations, Alfonso XIII, ever since his accession in 1902, has managed to obtain an increasingly large measure of personal control. His intriguing in the army led to a prolonged quarrel with the artillery corps, viz., the grumpy revolts of 1917 (Juntas of Defense), of 1926, and 1929. The subsequent meddling of Primo, also anxious to gain personal hold, has further undermined military discipline and patriotism. The war with America in 1898, the Moroccan disasters of 1921, 1923, 1924-1925 (the last culminating in Primo's tragic evacuation of Sheshuan, for which, ironically, he was decorated and given the title of Captain General), exposed to public gaze the terrible cancer of corruption, a cancer still eating into the Spanish army system. The only honor of the average Spanish officer is personal greed; fortunately he is more cowardly than the Mexican brand.

Yet Primo's government is a government of military officers and only two civilians; officers hold many other important posts; they figure in the cascade of new concessions; they rule the provinces, though for the past three decades and more they have proved at tragic cost to Spain that their only patriotism consists in conserving their parasitical privileges. No country this side of Mexico is so over-officered, shields so many strutting generals. There is an officer for every thousand persons in Spain.

And nowhere in the world, except perhaps India, are there native cohorts with such medieval splendor. The streets of the realm are a melange of bright blue, scarlet, gold, green uniforms—every color of the rainbow, with flamboyant sprinklings of braid and epaulets, with elaborate variegated horse-hair tufts and feathers and cockades, and silver and gold helmets, and pikes and battle-axes and trailing swords. Spain staggers under the burden of its parasitical officer class.

My investigations into the conscription system are amazing. I have talked with dozens of conscripts. Two types of forced enlistments prevail. The two-year enlistment is for the sons of parents unable to buy a shorter period. The two-year recruits live in the barracks. The nine-month recruits are from the sons of wealthier families who pay sums in accordance with their tax returns. These recruits live at home, but are required to report at the barracks every day for roll-call, to remain in uniform all the time, and must not leave their houses after eleven at night. In larger centers the rule concerning the uniform is universally disregarded. Through pull or palm-greasing of superiors very few of these recruits ever appear for roll-call. Their training during the nine months largely consists of standing guard over a twenty-four-hour relay once or twice a month, and even this can be avoided by crossing the palms of the officers. In one barracks near Madrid two and a half pesetas (about 35 cents) is a sufficient fee. One recruit, with whom I went to the theater, had failed to report that morning. "Two duros (about $1.40) to the captain fixed me up," was his laughing comment. The recruits, in order to avoid difficulties, keep their immediate superiors well supplied with spending money and drinks. This petty graft is but a reflection of the colossal graft practiced in higher quarters.

One of the reasons for the continuation in power of Primo de Rivera is found in his prior relations, as Commandant of Barcelona, with the Catalán manufacturers. Cataluña, with its four provinces of Gerona, Lérida, Barcelona, and Tarragonia, with its own language, customs, culture, and sentiments, has long represented a problem for the central government. Since the middle of last century nationalist and separatist sentiment has grown increasingly stronger in all classes. Propaganda has ranged from Iberic federalism, monarchical or republican, including Portugal, to outright separation. Syndicalist separatism demands the creation of an anarchist-syndicalist commonwealth; the Barcelona Syndicalists hate the Socialist Unión General de Trabajadores (General Workers Confederation) as cordially as they do the Catalán bourgeoisie. Monarchical federalists, Republican federalists, and separatists have agitated; and the Catalán liberals discovered a peculiar brand of separatism all their own. The wealthier manufacturing separatists, largely led by former Minister of Finance, F. Gambo, visioned a modern capitalistic Cataluña. At times, in the face of unusual aggression from Madrid, these disparate elements have made common cause; more often they have been at loggerheads. About twelve years ago they united sufficiently to obtain for the four Catalán provinces the *mancomunidad,* a right establishing local administration for education, public welfare, etc.

But beyond regional culture there are special reasons why the Catalán manufacturers have been separatists. Industrially Cataluña is the most progressive corner of Spain; Barcelona is by far the most up-to-date city in the entire peninsula. Yet Catalán industry has been disproportionally taxed and coerced to support the parasitism of Madrid. Madrid, the governing center, is monarchical, reactionary, feudal, bureaucratic. The Madrid outlook is purely personal, capricious, meddling. The alert Catalán manufacturing elements chafed at the medieval restrictions, the antiquated taxation system, the whimsical governing uncertainty, the endless red-tape of a regime schooled in petty officiousness.

Yet a real separation from Spain would have proved even more ruinous. Though Cataluña, relatively speaking, represents modernity in Spain, its textile mills, for instance, still operate with rickety machinery installed half a century ago. Catalán industry has been vitiated by the very paternalism it has combated. As an independent country Cataluña, through customs barriers to its principal market, Madrid and Spain, would not be able to compete with France and England. Also, separation would strengthen the Syndicalists. The Catalán industrialists would lose the support of the center in their war against the syndicalist movement, which in 1919 had come to control even the press of Barcelona.

Since the days when the Syndicalists assassinated Premier Dato, the Catalán industrialists have been thoroughly alarmed. For a time they combated the labor movement by the creation of Sindicatos Libres, supported by the

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brutal Governor, Martínez Anido, now Vice-President of Primo's Cabinet (a man whom Unamuno consistently styles "the epileptic pig" and who has been responsible for the worst repressions of the dictatorship). Also Primo de Rivera, cooperating with Anido, gave guaranties to the Socialist leaders to come to Cataluña to make propaganda against the Syndicalists. The Syndicalists fought the Libres and Socialists in pitched battles on the streets. Assassinations by both factions shocked all Spain. This support of the Libres by Primo de Rivera and Martínez Anido won them the confidence of the Catalán industrialists. And though these disorders had not been ended, they gave Primo an excuse to declare martial law in the province on his own initiative—part of his plan, in connivance with the King, to declare himself dictator. He was able to make a pact with the industrialists of the region, who looked forward to an iron-handed crushing of the labor forces. What more logical than to carry Primo over to manage national affairs? Within the confines of the traditional monarchical system he could provide just the necessary dictatorial directness to eliminate past feudal abuses and at the same time keep the discontented proletariat in hand.

Primo crushed the Syndicalists, but the Catalán manufacturers paid high for their alliance. For a short time Primo granted their demands, ratified their most extravagant tariff projects, and dished out concessions. But at the same time he struck harshly at Catalán liberties. The *mancomunidad* was done away with. The only gestures of *noblesse oblige* by Primo toward Catalán sentiment were to decorate some mediocre artists and extend the somaten to the entire peninsula, the somaten being the constabulary used especially for the suppression of Cataluña. This body now became a symbol of the regime. They are reviewed annually by Primo with great pomp on the day of the Catalán Virgen of Montserrat, holy patroness of the corps. The Catalán language was placed under the ban. One hundred sixty professors of the Institute of Catalán Studies were discharged. The names of streets were changed. Dailies published in Catalán were obliged to appear in Castilian. Catalán festivals were prohibited. Even typical regional dress was ordered modified. The red cap, symbol of Provençal liberties, long before the French Revolution, could no longer be worn. Primo carried a series of petty humiliations into every Catalán home. In addition, the Catalán bourgeoisie have discovered that Primo is not a modern. His capriciousness is even more pronounced than that of the puppet parliamentary system abolished, than all the previous monarchical red tape. Concessions to the Catalán elements became sparser; they were reserved for intimate favorites of Primo and the Crown. Primo is the product of a feudal group—the military; and his outlook is correspondingly feudal.

And so, wounded by the blows against Catalán customs, disappointed in their personal expectations, the Catalán industrialists for the most part have returned to an expectant separatist role. They refrain from over-opposition because their fear of the Syndicalists is greater than their hatred of the Dictator. But in spite of their present lukewarmness, originally they were one of the principal instruments guaranteeing Primo's seizure of power.

Confessions of a Sun-Worshiper

By STUART CHASE

SOME people collect postage stamps, others old masters. I collect ultra-violet rays, preferably non-synthetic. In the city where I was reared, the institution I regard more sentimentally than any other is the L Street Bathhouse in South Boston. Here on a warm spring day nearly a score of years ago, I made my debut into the society of sun-worshipers. Passing through the old warren of a bathhouse with its tier on tier of lockers, one emerged upon a strip of sandy beach, perhaps a hundred yards wide, flanked by high board fences that ran far into the water. Along the east fence, for the sun was in the west, lay and squatted and dozed a hundred naked men, nine out of ten of them colored like South Sea Islanders—and it was only early May. Naked they did not seem, but clothed in the most just and timeless covering of *homo sapiens*. But how naked I felt, creeping out to lie among them, a pale white wraith in a field of bronzes. Thereupon I resolved to clothe myself aright, and from that day to this the resolution has been kept.

I came again and again to L Street. Slowly the stark white gave way to ever-deepening shades of brown. Slowly I learned the laws and dogmas of my cult. The high priest was a man named Richards. He wore a circular hat fashioned out of newspaper and nothing else. He was a teacher of music and would spend long hours enlarging on the monopolies, cabals, and high crimes of the House of Ricordi. He spoke with circumstantial precision, but without bitterness—for who lying in the sun can be bitter?—and about him sprawled a professor of English at Harvard, a policeman from Dorchester, a banker, a night-worker in a powerhouse, a famous criminal lawyer, an advertising man, a locomotive engineer, and a notorious gunman.

Interminable, drowsy conversations were always in process. We talked of law, science, government, women, crime, sports, history, races—without passion, with a detached philosophy which held, I am convinced, an authentic wisdom. The sun nourished that wisdom, that all-pervading tolerance. Beating down upon us, it ironed out the taut impetuosities, the nervous, hasty judgments, the bile and the bitterness of men who walk the streets of modern cities in their clothes. Unclothed and in our right minds we lay, at peace with the world, detached and lazy as the gods upon Olympus, speculating on the foibles of humanity, but not caring greatly where the race was going or why.

The only real concern was that cloud to the south. It was moving toward the sun. How thick was it? Was it pieced with apertures, or solid? Would it drift high enough to escape the face of the sun altogether? But we were fatalists. If our god was blotted out, he was blotted out. His was not the fault, but the vagaries of the atmosphere upon the planet. We never grumbled, never cursed. We lay

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and waited, chilled but patient, the conversation lagging—waited for that moment when the cloud should pass, and warm, warmer, blazing hot, the royal wine smote into our veins again.

But if the cloud was bell-wether to a herd—and we learned to know the sky like so many Gloucester fishermen—silently we arose, silently we scanned the whole surface of the sky, silently and sadly we dressed, nodded to one another, and disappeared to heaven knows what remote corners of the city, leaving the beach to outlanders who came only to bathe, or to the uninitiated who thought the sun would shine again. It never did.

Our rules were few but strict. One never stood in a brother's sunlight. One never yelled, threw sand, or broke into a conversation violently. It was mandatory to "take the water" at least once, whatever the time of year. It was a grievous breach of etiquette to come back from the dip and shake water on a reclining brother's form. Indeed practical jokes of all kinds excluded one from the fellowship. As why should they not? An utterly relaxed body is in no physiological condition for practical jokes. Indeed I have never visited a club where good manners and due regard for the comfort of one's fellows were more in evidence. Nor did the civilities run to talk, but always to tangible physical behavior. No instruction was given, one learned by watching. The probationary period was many weeks.

For nine months in the year decorum held, but about the middle of June the outlanders—the hot rabble who only wanted to cool off, and cared no more for the sun than for their own bad manners—descended like a plague of locusts, particularly on holidays, turned the beach into a screaming rout, scattered papers in all directions, and broke our ranks. How could a god be worshiped in such a bedlam? In September the blight began to wane, and by the equinox, the beach was back in the hands of those who loved and cared for it. All winter long we came when the days were bright. If the sky was clear, the wind not too sharp, it was amazing how warm one could keep in a sheltered corner. Our color ebbed a little, but never really left us. Red copper gave way to pale mahogany. On Christmas day the hardiest of us had a swimming race, with shivering reporters in attendance, who served it up with all the regularity of the annual ground-hog story. We were the L Street Brownies, half man, half walrus. And indeed Terry, our two-hundred-pound nightwatchman, was more than half a walrus. He would go cruising around the harbor in all weathers and all seasons, staying for hours in water that I could only bear for one agonizing plunge. He was the first person I ever saw to swim the crawl.

Nobody had ever heard of ultra-violet in those days. Few of us arrived because of a doctor's order—though there were doctors among us. We talked sagely of therapeutic effects, but it was, I fear, on all fours with old Doctor Munyon. We did not know what happened to the solar spectrum in winter; we were very profound about "taking the water," and moderately dirty water it was; we were probably guilty of some weakened hearts due to overexposure in the bitter winter sea. But by and large we *knew,* with a profundity which mocks science, that what we were doing was good for our bodies and good for our souls.

I could not explain it then, and I cannot explain it now. I have known hundreds of men and women who have loved to bathe, to lie on summer sands, to feel the sun striking into their marrows, but who have been utterly untouched by that deeper call which binds them eternally to Helios. In a way it is like a drug; a sunless month, a sunless winter, and the world goes increasingly askew. But contrary to the laws of drugs the after-effects are never painful. (No accredited sun-worshiper is silly enough to burn his skin; he knows to the minute when he has had enough.) No, the after-effects are a sense of well-being, of calmed nerves, of inner vitality that no drug ever has vouchsafed.

It takes time, patience, understanding, and perhaps above all, personal freedom to become a regular communicant. How shall a shop or office worker join when his nine-to-five schedule imprisons his body while the sun is at its best? We L Streeters were, relatively speaking, free men. Some of us shifted our jobs, or indeed gave them up altogether, if they interfered unduly with our devotions. We were night-workers, professional men with uncertain office hours, school-teachers with no lecture periods at the crest of the day, part-time workers with free mornings or afternoons, tramps with no hours at all, prize-fighters with engagements twice a year. The nine-to-five rabble it was who wrecked our summer holidays, and we thanked God for week-day mornings when they were all upon their stools. No day slave can be a worshiper of the sun. Even night slaves are not always in good standing. They sleep too much rather than joining in the unhurried pursuit of philosophical discussion. Freedom, a head not readily overheated, a pagan regard for the comeliness and well-being of one's body, a ruminative turn of mind, a sound belief in the important function of laziness in life, a hatred of the round, silly face of a clock, an understanding of the irrelevancy of clothes—who shall say of what strange and primitive juices, what fantastic combinations of electrons, the true sun-worshiper is made? Dr. Freud undoubtedly has his answer pat, but as he delivers it I stop my ears. . . .

L Street, I have not trod your sacred sands for many years, but your lessons have never been forgotten. I have bowed my body to the sun halfway around the world, in season and out, legally and illegally, wherever opportunity offered. I have baked twelve thousand feet in the air on the Rocky Mountains, on marble steps which descended into the lagoon of the palace of the sometime Czars, on the quays of Odessa, in the harbor of Alexandria, among the olive trees of Delphi, on the shores of Taormina, along the ledges of Chocorua, on the beaches of Florida, the sand-dunes of Lake Michigan, the towpaths of the Potomac, amid the driftwood of Fire Island, in front of the tufted dunes of Scheveningen, upon the roof-tops of New York.

And in what strange corners have I not met my brothers, practicing their devotions before scientific sanction was ever heard of? We look upon those professors with their spectra, their carbon lamps, their stuffy solariums with corpses all in rows, their treated window-glasses—as upstarts, interlopers, porch-climbers. We are the old battalion. We have stripped in the teeth of all the *mores* and all the constables. We have kept on dune and ledge, and trafficked not with hospital and clinic.

I can go down upon a beach—a more or less deserted one—and almost immediately tell where the best shelter must lie. Arrived there, with a driftwood plank neatly banked at the proper angle, with ants, flies, miniature sand-

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storms provided against, I look out at novices fresh from some doctor's office floundering about the littoral and lying in the most unprotected, the most unseemly, of bare expanses. That poor wretch is going to lose his hide if he stays ten minutes longer. Does this old gentleman think that a bathing suit with sleeves is going to do him any good? Yon girl is lying on the east slope of the dune when she should be on the west. Why does this woman not buy eskimo suits for her children if she is trying to keep them really covered up? How often must I remind myself that these bunglers never had an L Street training? But every now and again, not far from the spot where I have camped, I see another supercilious nose, looking out from soundly organized shelter. It is a brother member, and presently we foregather and pick up the discussion where it was left.

Once I saw a million brothers, yea, and sisters, too. But I could only sit and smile; philosophy was mute. From one end of Russia to the other, brown was the accredited color, and as much of it as the wearer cared to develop. Men worked on the roads stripped to the waist. I witnessed the incredible spectacle of fifty thousand brown bodies in one work-day noon on the Moscow River—some in bathing suits, some in trunks, perhaps the majority as God made them. Between the noonday whistles, the whole city it seemed came down to the river to play and to worship the sun. What were systems of government in the face of this fact? These people were my people, and I cared not how deplorable their civil institutions. All this I understand is a recent development, unknown on any such scale under the Czars, and part of the new health program. Lacking quartz and carbon lamps, they take their ultra-violet raw, to connoisseurs the only proper way to take it.

A whole city throwing its clothes into the air! America, we shall undress and bronze you yet! Shall we? The prescriptions are going out by the thousands from the highest medical authorities, but if it is the natural sunlight you desire, in quantities greater than that provided by a bathing suit, try and secure it. It has taken me a dozen years of skilled investigation to learn how to secure my share, nor am I always successful.

I remember a long walk a decade ago on a lonely beach clad only in trunks. On returning I struck into a motor party that had come to the shore with baskets for a picnic supper. I could not walk around them, for the shore grasses were full of thorns, and it was overrough to swim around them. I proceeded accordingly straight ahead. The men formed a cordon and refused to let me pass. It appeared that they were protecting their women. I told them that the rest of my bathing suit was two miles away—in the direction that I was going. They held their ranks. I feared I was in for a sound beating. Then came an inspiration. "This beach," I said, "is the property of the United States government. I am a citizen of that government, and have the inalienable right to come and go upon my property as I please." At the word "property" the cordon broke, scowling, and I walked through—while the defenseless women giggled.

I remember being watched by a Puritan gentleman with a telescope. He was a good mile away, and the spot that I had found was never visited by citizens subject to shock. For three days he marked my every movement, according to his testimony, and then put in a call for the police. I escaped the lock-up, but was given a solemn warning never to appear upon that shore again—a lone man, a mile from any human being, forbidden to take off his shirt and lie in the sand.

I remember being warned by a New Hampshire sheriff that if bathing suits were not instantly put upon my family, he would see to it that we did not bathe at all. The sheltered cove where we swam was well out of the public gaze, so I threw his letter in the campfire. He wrote another. I threw that in the fire—and never heard from him again. Today that lake is beginning to glint with brown bodies. The sheriff did not dare to break the thin, entering wedge, and now the window is wide open.

I remember being caught in a meadow by a farmer, as I lay behind a boulder. His eyes started out of his head. He clutched his hay-rake ominously. I never moved, only raised my eyes and said: "Did you ever read Thoreau's 'Walden?'" and tapped the book that lay open on the ground. Convinced that he was in the presence of a harmless lunatic, he grunted, swung on his heel, and walked away.

I remember a season of humiliating persecution at Long Beach; and the time that a congress of tramping schoolma'ams surprised a group of us on the ledges of Bald Mountain. I remember—oh, a hundred adventures and a dozen exceedingly narrow escapes. Hitherto there have been too few of us to constitute an Issue and provide topics for scarifying sermons, but if the doctors continue their edicts, the organization of the League for the Suppression of Nudity cannot be long delayed.

The periphery of the cult—if not the cult itself—is indeed expanding by leaps and bounds. Pseudoscience, as always, has hitched its ballyhoo-wagon to true science, and the commercial gentlemen, the quacks and the charlatans, are hard at work capitalizing the new findings. Lamps are widely advertised that give off no ultra-violet whatsoever, but only an encouraging glow of heat. Window-glasses admit the rays for a time and then many of them undergo a photochemical deterioration which renders them valueless. Solariums are inaugurated in the smoke of cities where rays in therapeutic quantities cannot penetrate. Face preparations are sold guaranteed to give that real Palm Beach effect. Cure for all known diseases is promised when as a matter of fact ultra-violet rays have no effect on most diseases, and actually compound the evils of some diseases by stimulating cell growth.

I have been associated with many reform movements in my life, and it is with considerable astonishment that I find one actually gaining ground. As the others stagger determinedly down hill, this one climbs up. Perhaps it is because I never followed it as a social obligation, but only with my heart. Two years ago at a Florida beach a man was arrested for appearing in trunks. A hasty signal from a brother was all that kept me from sharing his cell. This year, if you please, the municipality has itself provided two solariums, male and female, where one may spend the day without a stitch. While at the other end of the town one may see on the beach of a great and fashionable hotel a score of little cabins, blue, orange, violet, yellow, with adjustable roofs, which one may hire for individual sunbaths. On the open strand men peel off their tops, and women lie face downward, stripped to the waist. In another year or two . . . ?

Despite the quacks, the most of this I believe is pro-

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foundly good. But a student of the kaleidoscope of American mass movements cannot fail to wonder if it will last. Is it only the latest craze, more wholesome but no more permanent than mah jong or crossword puzzles? Of these new hordes, how many are born with the sun in their blood, as I am convinced that I was born? Will America strip by the millions in the next few years, only to be back in its shroud in a decade, passing ferocious laws at the behest of the Anti-Nudity League? Who shall say? I neither know nor greatly care. If the republic wants to go native and can hold to it with any fidelity, it will probably do more than any other conceivable action to balance the inhibitions and pathological cripplings induced by the machine age and the monstrous cities in which we live. If it but wants a new fad to play with and presently to toss aside, I know how to outwit the law; to find the sheltered spots where comes the sun and wind and men come not.

In the Driftway

NEEDLESS letters! How many of them one receives and is compelled to write. We live in an age when letter-writing is said to be a lost art. And so perhaps it is in the old-fashioned sense of true correspondence. But the enormous development of the tribe of stenographers, and the fact that few business or professional men are now without such a ready aid, has vastly increased the amount of purely formal and futile letter-writing in which we indulge, as well as made it incomparably more careless and verbose. Also the stenographer has made men lazy about writing themselves, and it is in that small margin of correspondence which most of us still feel must be written personally that we most resent the needless letter. How often the writer of a letter might win a sigh of relief and affection from the recipient if he only thought to say at the end "Don't bother to reply to this" or "Don't answer this now, but some day if you have time, and feel like it, drop me a line." The Drifter has even thought to reduce it to still simpler terms—to a few magic letters, after the fashion they employ to express everything in Soviet Russia. We already use the brief symbol R. S. V. P. to indicate that an answer is wanted. Why not equal brevity and definiteness to indicate that we do not desire or expect an answer? Why not the letters N. A. N., meaning "No Answer Needed"?

* * * * *

ANOTHER letter—and a good one—in regard to the Drifter's dribble on newspapers' names comes from Mill Valley, California:

> Referring to your piece in the issue of May 29, would it cheer you any to have me tell you about one publication with a distinctly individualistic name? I allude to the *Scuttle-butt,* a little paper published once a month by the C. C. Thomas Navy Post of the American Legion in San Francisco.
>
> I was commissioned about three years ago to establish it. We came out nameless the first issue, asking for suggestions. Of those submitted, the committee appointed for the purpose decided upon *Scuttle-Butt Chatter.* Well, we had quite a little fight over it, which I carried into the columns of the paper itself. I contended for *Scuttle-butt,* and as I won out I am today able to tell you about it and hope that the information will console and uplift you.
>
> You, of course, know what a scuttle-butt is, being a drifter.
>
> I lost my job after about six or seven numbers, after treading on one toe after another until finally I editorialized to the effect that our politicians would find themselves with a big job on their hands if they tried to hoodwink and atrocity-story us into another war.
>
> I guess I showed poor judgment.
>
> [Here follows an unreadable signature.]

Who the devil is the Drifter anyway?

* * * * *

YES, the Drifter knows what a scuttle-butt is. He has what may be called a drinking acquaintance with it. But he hastens to explain, if anybody else is in doubt, that a scuttle-butt is a cask or barrel on shipboard containing water for the crew. As to the terse and somewhat caustic query with which the letter concludes, it is only fair to let the Mill Valley correspondent in on a secret which a few other favored persons already know, i.e., that the Drifter is, and for a long time has been, none other than

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Case Against Poland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to Mr. Albert Morawski-Nawench's letter in *The Nation* of May 15 concerning the destruction of the Münsterwalde bridge across the Vistula by Poland I wish to point out that a photograph of the bridge in question and a map of railroad connections in this territory demonstrate the absurdity of the writer's contention "that there was no necessity for railway communication over this bridge." Isolated East-Prussia heads the list of all other German states in agricultural produce, and the railroad over the Münsterwalde bridge was virtually the only practical route through the corridor to the fatherland for marketing this produce. The bridge was built by the German Government primarily for railroad communication, providing a lane for occasional freight and passenger traffic. The writer furnishes "official custom-house figures" which, as could be expected, omit entirely the record of railroad traffic over the bridge, which is just the point at issue. Poland is tearing down this bridge in violation of the German-Polish agreement of February 12, 1925, which decreed that the bridge should constitute the main customs highway between Klein-Grabau and Münsterwalde. The proposed ferry can never be an adequate substitute for the bridge.

Evanston, Ill., May 30 H. D. ISENBERG

Democracy in Haiti

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The people of Haiti are absolutely opposed to the proposed trip of President Borno to the United States, and are utilizing all channels to protest against this trip to be made only a few days before the elections for President and legislature. It is reported that $6,200 was appropriated from the Haitian treasury to finance this trip. The purpose will be to ask for the support of the President of the United States and the

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United States State Department for the reelection of Borno as President of Haiti.

A few years ago Borno came to the United States to confer with Coolidge and the State Department, asking them to validate his power as President and support him by the arms of the marines in Haiti. He was aware of the great dissatisfaction among the Haitian people.

As a known fact, the imposition of Borno by the United States upon the Haitian people again as President would be a full violation of the old Haitian constitution, and even a violation of the new constitution formulated by the United States itself to be pursued in the Haitian republic. Demonstrations are taking place in Haiti. Organizations and groups are being mobilized to combat this reelection and to prevent the trip. We ask the people of the United States to help us protest against the traitorous sell-out of the Haitian workers and peasants to the exploitation of Wall Street.

New York, June 12 HENRY CH. ROSAMOND,
First Adviser of the Haitian Patriotic Union in the U. S. A.

Ford and Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is obvious that we cannot accommodate in this country all the foreigners who desire to join us, but it is equally obvious that under present conditions the industry of bootlegging aliens inflicts upon us the same poor quality of material that we get in bootleg liquor. There is but one answer and that is that we do all in our power to help foreign nations to establish abroad a degree of prosperity as nearly comparable as possible with what we enjoy. Henry Ford does this in a most effective way when he establishes the factories, methods, and practices abroad which he has brought to so successful a culmination here.

Foreigners will not then have the incentive to leave home that they have now, and only good to us as well as other countries can result. The average productivity in Europe is about $1,500 a year per capita, while here it is $5,000. It is obvious that when Europeans enjoy a productivity of $5,000 per capita, they will afford just that much better a market for us. Europe and the rest of the world have never learned the potential value that their people have for promoting prosperity within their borders when their buying power has been developed through a surplus of income in excess of their daily wants, but they are in a fair way now, through the efforts of Mr. Ford, to learn the great principle. It is more profitable to employers to pay high wages than low wages, thus developing the buying power of their own people, whose wants are no less than ours. What can be done here with a population of 100,000,000 can be done four times over with Europe's population of 400,000,000.

New York, June 4 ROBERT J. CALDWELL

Debentures for the Jobless

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I don't like unemployment; I am sixty-six years old, and have too many vacations hunting a job. I have been reading about the debenture plan of using a debenture or note equal to half the tariff on imports. If this is a good thing, I think that those out of work should get a debenture or note equal to half the wages of their trade in the locality where they work and get the remainder when they find a job.

Rome, Georgia, May 14 THOMAS COLEGATE

The Learned Mr. Smoot

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You will no doubt be interested in an episode which throws some light upon Senator Smoot's knowledge (?) of governmental affairs, or else indicates his powers of deception. The following abstract concerning the Tariff Commission sugar report is from the *Congressional Record* of May 10, 1929:

> MR. SMOOT: I say to the Senator from Massachusetts that neither the Senator from Utah nor anyone else, outside of the President himself, has seen it.
>
> MR. EDGE: Mr. President, would it not be a deliberate violation of the law for the Tariff Commission to permit the Senator from Utah or any other citizen excepting the President of the United States to see a report of that kind?
>
> MR. SMOOT: I will say to the Senator now that I have never seen it, nor have I ever asked the President to see it, and I would be out of order and disrespectful if I did ask to see it.
>
> MR. WALSH (of Massachusetts): The public press discussed the matter.

The above quotation follows a colloquy between Senator Walsh and Senator Smoot as to whether or not the Tariff Commission had recommended a rate of $1.23 per one hundred pounds. The joker is that a report of 218 pages was published by the Government Printing Office in 1926, made public by pressure of Senator Robinson's select Senate committee investigating the Tariff Commission in 1926, including all the data and the recommendations of the Tariff Commission, but Senator Smoot prefers to be ignorant of the whole affair.

Manhattan Beach, N. Y., May 25 JULIUS BERNHARDT

Tariff Strategy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your approving comment on Mr. Hoover's opposition to the debenture plan was an unpleasant surprise to one who finds your opinions usually most congenial to his own. Your loyalty to a principle seems really short-sighted and uncritical. You fail to emphasize the fact which is crucial, for economics and especially for politics, that we have already an enormous subsidy-system in the tariff. American protectionism is now so firmly intrenched that the opposition must resort to drastic devices and bold strategy. There is, however, the possibility of mitigating our present plight by merely extending the objectionable policy—of nullifying subsidies by generalizing them. On such grounds, one might properly support the Senate bill.

Far more important, however, are the possibilities of agricultural subsidies for merely political strategy. You will agree, I believe, that the political strength of protection lies largely in the fact that the subsidies are indirect and surreptitious. An exactly equivalent system of explicit subsidies from the Treasury, financed by commodity taxes which would raise prices just as does the tariff, could hardly survive a single campaign.

Explicit subsidies would surely give rise to lively controversy; and their fundamental similarity to protective duties could hardly remain long obscure. It seems politically inconceivable that protectionists could ever accomplish the withdrawal of subsidies to agriculture without severe losses in their own special privileges.

Chicago, Illinois, May 21 HENRY C. SIMONS, JR.

See pages 776, iii, iv and v

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Books and Films

Sleep

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Vatered, the arid throat. Cool from the last lamp comes
hole night. But pale, still lusters of remembrance on
e walls, the furnitures light you to bed. Black rain
wn the black sky glosses the two half windows.
ou urge upon your neck the shrinking lap of sleep;
ear, like talisman, the blanket corner. Your mind
the shut eye walks. You hush it with breath's double
drone.
reathe in; breathe out. Your heart falls shuddered on your
rib.
ou turn to lift it. Now, what arc—breathe in; breathe
out—
the hour's circumference has rounded you? The two
muts of your breath chant on. Heavy is the tide that beats
ur breast. Your mouth toils with a yawn and sighs it out.
he mind's sharp stammer aches along the skull. You shiver
om the warmed darkness. Again drink water; go;
turn; fold in your eyes; croon to your mumbling mind
ith anxious breath. It will be heard. Breathe in; breathe
out.
n your taut breast drum hard the two batons of breath.
reathe thunder in; breathe thunder out. Outdin the mind;
tdin deaf silences that creak upon themselves.

he mind says on. Hear it you must. No more breathe in;
breathe out.

ftly it whispers and itself exhausts.
"You live too long."

Raising the S-51

n the Bottom. By Commander Edward Ellsberg. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

OMMANDER ELLSBERG'S remarkable book is the story in simple and practical detail—in extremely technical detail for the most part—of the salvage operations means of which the ill-fated S-51, sunk by the City of Rome Block Island, was finally raised from a depth of 132 feet th her grim cargo of dead bodies and towed into drydock at Brooklyn Navy Yard.

These operations were extensive, unprecedented, and roic; and the narrative which recounts them is remarkable two things—first because it holds the attention all the way ng, despite matter and terminology which might be classed unpopular, and second because, with every temptation and portunity to exaggerate, the tale obviously sticks to the truth d leaves with the reader an impression of straightforward d unassuming veracity. In the writing and publishing day which we live, with little acorns growing into tall oaks ernight, this latter is something of an achievement, as well a refreshing sign.

The raising of a 1,000-ton submarine is a tremendously ficult task. Never had a craft of this size been rescued from such a depth before. The job extended over nearly six months of actual time at sea, including stormy weather when the work could not go on. It nearly took the heart out of the men who attempted it, and great credit is due them for sticking to the fight. The story of this struggle makes a fascinating tale of adventure and achievement. I doubt if there is on record a more dramatic account of diving in deep water, with all its attendant dangers, alarms, and tragedies. Romance of a strange sort crops out in the successful efforts to seal up the S-51, make her watertight, and blow her full of air, lying as she was on the bottom in half-darkness twenty-two fathoms below. Suspense is constantly in the air throughout the narrative. When all is ready for the final stroke, the greatest disaster happens—the submarine rises to the surface inopportunely in the midst of a storm, pontoons are dislodged and go adrift, and the work of months is destroyed.

It would be easy to criticize the nature and conduct of the actual operations involved in the raising of the S-51; but Commander Ellsberg disarms criticism at the start by frankly confessing that neither he nor anyone else knew precisely how to go at the job, and that the whole affair was admittedly an experiment. Whether a commercial salvage crew, under the necessity of making the operations pay, could have conducted them more successfully or expeditiously, is an open question. The navy always stands in a case apart. Many a mercantile seaman might smile at the quantities of hawsers and chains carried away, at the utter disregard of expense or the conservation of equipment, at the blithe way in which valuable pontoons were lowered on cables whose splices pulled out the moment they were subjected to a heavy strain, so that the pontoons themselves went adrift, and had to be recovered days later by a fleet of towboats, and many similar evidences of inexperience. The navy always feels free to play with things, and the Government of the United States stands ready to foot the bills. In this case the spirit of experimental play is clearly evident, albeit in grim form; the book would not be such a thrilling narrative otherwise. My own feeling is this: Since the whole naval enterprise is largely a grown-up game, how much better it is that the navy should play at some practical job like the raising of submarines, rather than to repeat the monotonous routine of target practice and steaming in and out of harbors and falling into battle formation and out again.

From a purely naval standpoint, there is only one thing in this fine book that I feel like criticizing. The first cable tunnel under the sunken submarine, dug by hydraulic action, took the divers many weeks to drive through under extraordinary difficulties. The main difficulty came in holding the nozzle under water; anything above a pressure of 60 pounds to the inch gave such a powerful kick-back that it forced the hose out of the diver's grasp. Before the second cable tunnel was attempted, a machinist's mate, one Waldren, invented and made a new form of nozzle which entirely obviated this chief difficulty, permitted them to run the pump at a 200-pound pressure, and drove the second tunnel through in a single day's time.

Looking the whole enterprise over, it appears as if this invention was perhaps the most important single contribution made by a subordinate throughout the operations; yet Commander Ellsberg dismisses the incident in a rather perfunctory fashion, mentions the machinist's mate three times by name on a couple of pages, and never refers to him again, although the chapter goes on to recount the driving of the tunnel. One feels pretty strongly that a bit more credit should have been handed machinist's mate Waldren, since the withholding of credit in general is certainly no feature of the book.

LINCOLN COLCORD

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Since the Peace

Versailles. By Karl Friedrich Nowak. Payson and Clarke. $5.
The Tragedy of Trianon: Hungary's Appeal to Humanity. By Sir Robert Donald. Introduction by Viscount Rothermere. London: Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

ANY one who still thinks that the Peace Conference achieved a work of intelligence and righteousness should read and ponder these two books. Mr. Nowak was attached during the war to the Austrian G. H. Q., where he became intimate with Field Marshal von Hötzendorff, Chief of the Austrian General Staff, and was allowed access to many important secret documents. Sir Robert Donald's book would appear to have been inspired by Viscount Rothermere's well-known interest in Hungary, but it embodies in its substance the fruits of prolonged study on the spot of the tragic situation of Hungary and the divided Hungarian people. Neither of the writers is impartial, and Sir Robert is obviously a special pleader, but the two together, one in a broad field and the other in a limited one, have performed a notable service of exposition and evaluation.

Mr. Nowak, who begins his book with a stirring account of the armistice episode, pictures Foch on that occasion as "betraying in his surliness and ill-temper his real feelings about what he regarded as the premature ending of the war." Foch appears to better advantage later, and seems to have withstood with some credit the "brutally frank" attacks of Clemenceau. The central figure of the book, however, is President Wilson. It is going too far to describe Wilson as "the greatest international jurist and interpreter of constitutions in Princeton University, and perhaps in the world," but there is no doubt that he "despised Europe's blood-stained past, with its ancient legacies of tribal wars, and was determined to impose upon it for all time a new testament of pure humanity." His "sense of an apostolic mission grew and grew," during the first weeks after his arrival in Europe, under the profusion of honors poured out upon him, but he had no sooner come to grips with Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and other manipulators of the peace, than difficulties and entanglements began to multiply.

> Everyone went in awe of that gaunt, deadly serious figure, taking his place at the table always with the oppressive air of being the Judge, the Straightener, and Liberator of the World, whom none might corrupt, none trifle with. The regular diplomatists . . . could not make up their minds whether he was a crank or a pedant, a real revolutionary or only a reverend headmaster in disguise. The representatives of the smaller nations were reduced to speechless deference by his pontifical manner, and reserved their infuriated comments for the privacy of their clubs.

A more serious impediment than mannerisms or the insinuations of critics was ignorance. Wilson had "set out to effect an ordered settlement between the dehumanized, warring nations. But of these nations he had no real knowledge, either of their idiosyncrasies or their habits and customs, their geography or their history." "He had not for one moment considered whether the invasion of Belgium really had anything to do with the origin of the war and the burden of responsibility for it," and had "surrounded himself with a staff whose lack of vision and general incapacity were limitless as America's power." Then, when it seemed that he might return to the United States and leave the conference in chaos, the wily Clemenceau brought him to terms. Clemenceau agreed to accept the reference to the Monroe Doctrine in the Covenant of the League, and Wilson agreed to the Saar mandate; then he "collapsed" and "swallowed the French program whole."

Mr. Nowak's pen-pictures of other statesmen of the conference are clever and unsparing, the best, perhaps, being tha of Lloyd George, living "for the moment and the moment's de mands, which he could seize with lightning intuition and pu forward with a tempestuous advocacy." Of the new materia offered, the most interesting is the brief but dignified speec which von Brockdorff-Rantzau had planned to make, when th peace terms were handed to the Germans at the Trianon, "i Clemenceau kept within the bounds of decency which a defeate enemy, especially a defenseless one, had a right to demand," bu which was never delivered.

Of all the succession states, Czecho-Slovakia has succeede best in pulling the wool over the eyes of the rest of the worl but Sir Robert Donald's detailed account of the treatment o the Hungarian minority whom the wisdom of Paris assigne to Czecho-Slovakian rule is a record of harshness and bad fait which cannot be too widely broadcast. The only remedy, ap parently, is either a rectification of the boundary betwee Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, or a radical change, enforce by the League of Nations or some of the greater Powers, i Czecho-Slovak policy. The latter is hopeless, and the minorit issue remains as a grave incitement to war.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Bierce Myth

Bitter Bierce. By C. Hartley Grattan. Doubleday, Doran an Company. $2.50.
Portrait of Ambrose Bierce. By Adolphe de Castro. Th Century Company. $3.50.
Life of Ambrose Bierce. By Walter Neale. The Neale Pub lishing Company. $5.
Ambrose Bierce, A Bibliography. By Vincent Starrett. Th Centaur Book Shop. $3.50.

THREE of these volumes are styled "biographies." The will be considered exclusively as such. The volume b Mr. Grattan devotes only ninety-six pages to purel biographical information about Bierce. As a biographer Mr Grattan falls into grievous and unnecessary error. Bierce di not follow his brother to California; he preceded him by thre years. Then, too, the book abounds in such statements as this "Previous to his marriage Bierce had lost a sweetheart to Socialist." The story has reference to Laurence Gronlund an relates to an incident in 1910. Bierce was married on Decem ber 25, 1871. His hatred of Socialists, not socialism, date from 1877 and had nothing whatever to do with sweetheart Or consider this: "Bierce went to London to obliterate th memory of his marital unhappiness." As a matter of fact, h went to England on his honeymoon, although he was in a probability thereby obliterating his happiness, if Mr. Gratta meant to be ironic. And, speaking of Mrs. Bierce, why s much mystery about her? The divorce records and vit statistics of Los Angeles have always been accessible to biogr phers. Mr. Grattan even repeats the yarn that Bierce cor tracted asthma by sleeping in a graveyard! This suggests th reminiscences of that gorgeous humorist, George Sterlin Then, too, Mr. Hearst did not own the *Examiner* in 1881. I fact, Mr. Grattan's biography is really a summary of som magazine articles dovetailed with the autobiographical sectio of the "Collected Works." His conclusion that Bierce w "frustrated by his parish and his time" hardly accords with th facts.

Dr. Danziger (now known as "De Castro"), began b writing a memoir of Bierce which appeared in the *America Parade* in October, 1926. His biography is this magazine artic blown to book size by the inclusion of some "strange and my terious stuff." As a memoir it contains flashes of shrewd i

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ght; undeniably Dr. Danziger knew Bierce. He credits Bierce ith numerous remarks some of which are unmistakably genue. But in addition to writing a memoir, Dr. Danziger has ritten a long defense of himself in advance of accusation. He akes several serious errors. If he would have us believe at Bierce worked for "Mike" De Young, he should produce me evidence beside the hearsay of "Petey" Bigelow. He akes cover too often in that favorite phrase: "The fire of San rancisco destroyed the records." All the records were not estroyed. Bierce, for example, made copies of his more imortant letters to Dr. Danziger, even if Dr. Danziger's origials were destroyed. These copies will be published in the ourse of time and will reveal several of the inaccuracies in Dr. anziger's book.

In reviewing the book in the New York *World,* Harry ansen asked what is really a pertinent question: Did Bierce reak a cane over Dr. Danziger's head? The doctor sniffs at uch a story; "I could have broken him with my hands." Mr. ierce, however, with his usual foresight, made a record of the ffair in his column ("Prattle") in the San Francisco *Examiner* n July 23 and August 13, 1893. In the course of this statenent he said: "It was for lying about that [the book] and ther matters that I punished him." Mr. Hansen can define punish" as he desires; having become familiar with the Bierce ocabulary, I make my own definition.

Mr. Neale is really responsible for the Bierce legend. He s the publisher who brought out that twelve-volume set of The Collected Works." This edition did much toward estabishing Bierce in the eyes of the timid. It apparently nonplussed rofessor Fred Lewis Pattee, for he wrote Mr. Neale asking f Bierce was "really a great writer." Mr. Neale has done the istory of literary criticism in this country a service by quotng that remarkable letter. Here, however, his services cease.

He describes Bierce's living quarters in Washington with reat detail, pointing out the arrangement of the rooms, where he secretary slept, and what the distance was to Bierce's bed, nd then adds "of course I know of no irregularity." The litrature of innuendo is obsolete. If Miss Christiansen was Bierce's mistress, Mr. Neale might have said so directly. As a matter of fact the suggestion finds not the slightest support n all the voluminous correspondence, records, and papers which Bierce left with his daughter when he went into Mexico.

Bierce is introduced in Mr. Neale's book at the age of fifty-nine. It was then that they first met. Is it solely for this reason that the first fifty-nine years of his life are covered in a few paragraphs? It is difficult, too, to appreciate the importance of the genealogical study of the Neale family which is included in the first few chapters. Mr. Neale writes such graphic stuff as "he had no belly" . . . "had a chest expansion of three and one-half inches." Parts of the interminable monologue with which Bierce is credited, in quotation marks, are as vulgar and preposterous as Mr. Neale's statement that Bierce's first love was a woman over seventy who became his mistress. We are told, also, that Bierce had an illegitimate daughter who became a famous actress; Mr. Neale darkly intimates that there may have been others. He suggests the possibility of a secret marriage with Miss Christiansen. But enough; let us concede that the book will probably be a popular success.

Mr. Starrett has prepared an excellent bibliography of Bierce's writings. He is a splendid bookman and has done his work well. The bibliography does not, however, adequately index the sources of the Bierce legend. Nor does Mr. Starrett attempt to list the many newspaper articles and reviews about Bierce. For the benefit of those who still think Bierce was a "neglected" author during his lifetime, it might be mentioned that one volume, "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," was reviewed in nearly four hundred newspapers and periodicals.

This Bierce myth is a fantastic story. The only really "mysterious" thing about Bierce is his reputation in letters today. His contribution to American literature could be summarized in a footnote of no considerable length, and yet three biographies witness the growth of an immense concern with his work. Perhaps the explanation is that he was much more interesting as a man than he was significant as a writer. In any event, these volumes throw little light on his character. The "mystery" of his life remains: the farce continues.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

An Intellectual Afraid

A Theory of the Labor Movement. By Selig Perlman. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

PROFESSOR PERLMAN starts by probing into the very beginnings of his own mind in the theory of labor—with a confession. "Twenty years ago the author of this book, like most of his college generation in Russia, professed the theory of the labor movement found in the Marxian classics." Poor, brave, simple little *Gymnasiast!* Let's forgive him, Professor Perlman indulgently and wistfully suggests. He knew no better, and obviously he has learned a great deal since. In twenty years he has risen from a radical intellectual immigrant to one of the strategic professorships in labor economics in America. Today he is safe and sane, and a good deal more; for the callow youth of 1908 had trained himself in the classical foundations of the modern labor movement so intimately that now he is incapable of writing an ignorant or dull line. Professor Perlman is our national champion in the economic indoor sport of exposing the fallacies of Marx, who like all men of world-shaking importance was guilty of some world-shaking misjudgments. He knows all the psychological mistakes of social-democratic doctrine. He is by all odds the most astute apologist of American trade unionism. And he is not half bad, though by no means as clever as Michels and others, in the art of sneering, with a grand air of objectivity, at the "intellectual." Of that species Dr. Perlman has found three types: the "ethical" intellectual, the professional fine character; the "efficiency" variety, the humble "expert" servitor of the labor oligarchy; and the "determinist-revolutionary," bitten by the flea of ideological conviction. One would never suspect from such classifications that an "intellectual" might also be an educated man with a social program.

Professor Perlman's theory itself is very simple. If he himself were simple, it would be almost simple-minded. There are, to him, two irreconcilable views in modern labor. There is the false, impractical, "intellectual," and bad Hegelian obsession that labor intrinsically wants a new society. Then there is the sensible, sound, and good view of labor as a business method in collective bargaining. This theory Dr. Perlman applies to the Russian and German revolutions, to the British labor movement, and to American trade unionism. Under his expert guidance the theory proves that industrial liberty is commensurate with plain trade unionism, whose strength is in inverse ratio to social-democratic doctrine. This makes the unadulterated and anti-intellectual business unionism of the American Federation of Labor the finest expression of labor freedom. Professor Perlman traces and defends this point of view with much astute and skilful learning and with an amazing sensitiveness to all the winds of doctrine. The sidelights he throws on the development of modern labor are often brilliantly provocative. The only thing that's wrong with the theory is the point of view itself. It is historically false, psychologically untrue, economically wrong, and contemporarily not so. A labor movement is alive to the degree to which it

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is impregnated with a social-democratic drive. And the American Federation of Labor is petty, impotent, ignorant, and frequently corrupt, because its philosophy is to be a job trust.

Then why does a man of Professor Perlman's singular intelligence develop and defend such a "theory"? The answer is that this book is really, as its first sentence points, an "apologia pro vita mea" rather than a study in social economy. Dr. Perlman does not apologize *for* but *to* the college boy of twenty years ago. He is the type of "intellectual" whom he naturally forgot to classify. He is the temperamentally radical intellectual gone safe from lack of strength. Rightly or wrongly, consciously or unwittingly, he feels himself an apostate. And he cannot shake his sense of guilt. The book is a rationalization of it. Hence his bitterness against those tendencies within himself which keep him from holding his "theory" without emotional disturbance. He hates the old radical within himself, who unconsciously sees through even his cleverest reservations in his indorsement of Messrs. Green and Woll. He hates the unassimilated alien within himself, whose assimilation neurosis frightens him from criticizing the culture in which he lives. And above all he hates the intellectual within himself, who gives him the least rest. We need not accuse Dr. Perlman of being intellectually dishonest. If he had no wish for integrity he would not have written a book to persuade himself that he believes this "theory." Paradoxically, this book is one of the most honest books I have ever read, for nothing is as genuine as a sense of guilt. The Balaam's ass within us always speaks the truth between the lines. And what a competent ass Dr. Perlman's *homunculus* really is! For if you know enough of labor to discard his theory of it, you will appreciate that for all his fears he has written one of the best books on it since Hoxie's study of trade unionism.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

In Revolt

The Bandits (*Les Haidoucs*). By Panait Istrati. Translated from the French by William A. Drake. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A Young People. By Hans E. Kinck. Translated from the Norwegian by Barent Ten Eyck. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THOSE tireless handmaidens of revolution, Misery, Oppression, and Injustice, will always, if given enough time, make protagonists of one sort or another. Add to these factors race or blood and the type is marked. Both these novels are of revolt caused by such suffering, but one is of Rumania, the other of Norway, and the greatest difference between them is a matter of spirit, the kind of spirit that is accounted for by that complex relationship called "race." Panait Istrati's outlaws drive their vengeance with the same speed and skill with which they ride their stallions; Hans Kinck's peasant rises heavily and in spite of his stupidity. Both succeed, although neither follows Marx.

The name *haidouc* has been familiar in the Balkans ever since the Turk entered Europe. It was originally given to those fugitives who sought shelter in the mountains and supported themselves by brigandage. As early as the sixteenth century Hungary rewarded some of these bandits with titles and lands for their unauthorized services against the invader. Panait Istrati, Romain Rolland's Rumanian protege and the author of "Kyra Kyralina," describes in his latest volume the part a group of such outlaws took in the 1850's in freeing his nation from the Turkish and Greek invasion and boyar despotism. Divided into two parts—printed separately in the original French—the first half of the book consists of character sketches; the second half tells the haidoucs' effort under the leadership of the woman Floritchica in the unification of Moldavia and Wallachia, and of the tragic end of the band at the hands of political rivals. Entirely lacking in any unity of structure, the book is sustained by its theme and its characters. The latter form a variety of personalities it would be difficult to equal for bravery, determination, ruthlessness, and passion. A price is on each head. Peasant, priest, and petty bourgeois are all guilty of some crime against the iniquitous tyranny of the clergy and nobles. Like all hearty men these haidoucs balance their misfortunes with love and adventure. The book is full of Rumanian lore: legends, ballads, and proverbs. Moreover Istrati's style places his work close to the folk-tale. There is the same robust directness, the same practical wisdom and sense of impending tragedy. As in the folk-tale the material at times becomes cumbersome and overweighted with incidents. Although "The Bandits" lacks the finish of "Kyra Kyralina" it has the same fervor.

It would be impossible to imagine Sjurd Bjorntveit, even after he has managed to serve a term in the Storthing (Norwegian Parliament), satisfied to return to the land as are the surviving haidoucs. This rapacious peasant in "A Young People" has a more general discontent, yet none the less familiar. Cain had it and so did Manfred. Once it was known as Revolt Against God and was dealt with in the First and Tenth Commandments. In a godless age it has gained acclaim for its pragmatic value. Shame, poverty, and misfortune are too much for Sjurd's pride. To free himself of the farm that brought only degradation to his father, he tricks a man into buying it and acquires a shop in the village. Needing money he burns the shop to get the insurance. He marries a woman of whom he is ashamed but he wins her father's position in the bank. Still rejected and ignored by the people from the city, and hated and avoided by the villagers, he turns to politics for the power he craves. Although the figure of Sjurd furnishes but a symbol of clay for the Norwegian uprising against Sweden in the eighties, as a study of brutality and spiritual frustration it ranks high—higher than most tales of inarticulate peasants. Hans Kinck has a thorough, skilful style—the brief descriptions of the wind in the fjord are as fine as some of Conrad's passages about wind—but it lacks animation. This is the first book by this author to be translated into English.

FLORENCE CODMAN

The Road to Africa

Black Magic. By Paul Morand. Translated by Hamish Miles. The Viking Press. $3.

Travels in the Congo. By André Gide. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

HERE are two books, each the product of a Frenchman who has observed the Negro. Beyond the nationality of the authors and their subject matter the linking abruptly ends. André Gide writes within the first score of pages of his notable "Travels in the Congo": "The less intelligent the white man is, the more stupid he thinks the black." It is unfortunate that M. Morand did not have this simple statement framed and hanging over his desk as he wrote "Black Magic."

For Morand, despite his boast of having traveled thirty thousand miles in visiting twenty-eight Negro countries (countries in which Negroes live), might far more profitably have spent all this time and energy observing one Negro and finding out what that Negro's thoughts and reactions really were before he began to write. Morand has most superficially though entertainingly looked at the outermost layers of Negro mentality; the result is an amusing and, at times, well written

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eries of sketches of how Paul Morand thinks *he* would react were he a Negro. The low state of literary criticism in these United States is distressingly revealed by the reviews which have acclaimed Morand's "admirable detachment" and "cool objective realism" and by declarations that Morand's is "the first real picture of the Negro we have had."

Of what does this picture consist? Eight short stories laid variously in the United States, the West Indies, Europe, and Africa. Seven of the eight tales are as rigidly of a pattern as the stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The thesis of them all is that Negroes, no matter of what training, environment, economic circumstance, mental development, character or admixture of white blood, revert to primitive savagery the instant their surface culture is scratched. Consider, for example, Morand's most silly example of hobby-riding in the tale, Syracuse. A Negro, born in America, knowing little or nothing of Africa, a gifted business man and organizer, happens to wander into the Terhueren Museum at Brussels. There he sees a Congo mask—and promptly goes native. Congo tells of a dancer, grown famous in Parisian theaters and cabarets, who goes to her death after several improbable adventures which followed discovery of a "bad-luck" charm. Excelsior reveals Morand's notion (and probably no one else's) of what Negroes who cross the color line do and think. Good-bye, New York tries ludicrously to tell how a colored woman, wealthy, educated, and so fair none could distinguish the presence of Negro blood, also "goes native" when white prejudice causes her to be abandoned on a world cruise in Africa. In only one story, Charleston, does Morand tread on sure ground when he tells of the results of the attraction a black man has for a Southern white woman in southern France.

Despite its meretricious character, born of mere cleverness with little intellect or intelligent observation back of it, there are in "Black Magic" numerous pages of brilliant descriptive writing. The stories are amusing and interesting. The drawings by Aaron Douglas are superb additions to the book. This young Negro's work, which gained considerable attention in James Weldon Johnson's "God's Trombones," is maturing into a delicacy and sureness which mark him as one to be watched and appreciated as one of America's distinguished craftsmen.

Morand's superficiality can be seen after one has read half a dozen pages of Gide's lucid prose. "Travels in the Congo" is a day-by-day record of sights, smells, sounds, and reactions met with in a voyage through parts of Africa little traveled by whites. Gide not only is a profound writer of distinguished prose but he is an observer of keen perceptiveness who records what he sees and hears and not what preconceived notions make him think he sees and hears. Though M. Gide made his long journey in a semi-official capacity, that circumstance seems never to have stayed his hand in his ruthless criticism of those French companies and their agents who are so viciously exploiting the natives of these French colonies. Once on seeing enormous fields of unreaped manioc and castor oil he tells the reason—that all the men are "either gathering rubber, or in prison, or dead, or fled." In another place he reflects on the horrors of exploitation he has seen.

> I cannot content myself with saying, as so many do, that the natives were still more wretched before the French occupation. We have shouldered responsibilities regarding them which we have no right to evade. The immense pity of what I have seen has taken possession of me; I know things to which I cannot reconcile myself. What demon drove me to Africa? What did I come out to find in this country? I was at peace. I know now. I must speak.

In the nearly four hundred pages of his book M. Gide proceeds then to tell all that he has seen. He does not limit himself to horrors or injustices by any means. He tells of the climate, the people, the terrain, conversations, what he has read en route, and his reactions to that reading. In brief, the book is a magnificent picture of a keenly sensitive and alert mind in its contact with new experiences. It is to be hoped that the book will have the circulation which it so richly deserves.

WALTER WHITE

Books in Brief

Race Attitudes in Children. By Bruno Lasker. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

Mr. Bruno Lasker has written a highly purposeful and lively book which will be useful to teachers and parents. It explores, nimbly and inclusively, the entire range of the child's attitude toward children and adults of other races and nationalities. Many of the anecdotes are enchanting, so ingenuous and vigorous is the attack which children make on situations for which they have no ready-made concepts. One cannot quarrel with Mr. Lasker's assumptions, but one finds that, being prepared for a brook-trout, one has swallowed a whale. The whale is the author's torrential vitality which would sweep all the organizations and influences of America and the world into a program for international and interracial friendliness. Mr. Lasker feels that the immediate center for attack is the teaching of history and geography in the public schools. Fortunately for the millennium, the more modern historians are playing into Mr. Lasker's hand, the present tendency being to give the dark continents equal rank with the white in world history. The newer geographies visualize very well for the child the increasing industrialization of the hinterland continents, but they still fail to supply him with African, South American, and Asiatic faces that he can have an attitude about. This inertness of the geographers might well be supplemented by a handbook of racial and national types.

The Economics of Farm Relief. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. Columbia University Press. $3.

This is a useful book for back-to-the-land enthusiasts to read, because it discloses some of the inevitable causes of our agricultural depression. For farmers it is not such good reading, because it comes no nearer to a cure for their pains than Congress with its so-called relief measures.

The American Whaleman: A Study of Life and Labor in the Whaling Industry. By Elmo Paul Hohman. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

A number of old-time whalemen have published their personal experiences recently. This book supplies an excellent general background to such narrations. Although written by a professor of economics in Northwestern University, it is no academic thesis but a readable account enlivened by picturesque incident and detail.

The British Connection with India. By K. T. Paul. London: The Student Christian Movement.

Lord Ronaldshay in his foreword to "The British Connection with India" speaks of the broad and dispassionate perspective with which Mr. Paul presents the situation. To an Anglo-Saxon such detachment in the face of such provocation seems incredible. Mr. Paul gives a well-balanced analysis of Indian-British relations, scrupulously acknowledging all possible benefits deriving therefrom, and sets forth somewhat hesitatingly those acts of cold indifference and those self-interested policies that have alienated Indian sentiment. He seems deeply conscious of the intricacies of the Indian-British involvement, yet

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he makes the reader perceive that he is equally concerned to see a radical readjustment effected; indeed, he goes so far as to say that no Indian wishes the connection to remain upon its existing basis. He indicates that the inevitable response in India to this connection is the Nationalist Movement with its unified determination to establish a self-respecting, responsible Indian Government to replace the British bureaucracy. Mr. Paul answers the question so often put by Britons: "What does India want?" His words are significant and are quoted by Lord Ronaldshay: "She wants to preserve the integrity of her national identity and she wants an international recognition of that identity."

Rabindranath Tagore: Letters to a Friend. Edited by C. F. Andrews. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This volume contains a selection of letters written by Tagore during a period of years from 1913 to 1921 to that remarkable Englishman, Mr. C. F. Andrews, who has given his life to India and by sheer sanctity of mind and heart won the friendship of its noblest leaders. These letters do equal credit to both correspondents and must be counted as remarkable documents of the time. Here in Tagore's intimate personal confessions, for example, as in many of his public addresses, is the significant recognition of the indispensable contribution which the West must make to future world-civilization—a viewpoint so different from that of his revered compatriot, Gandhi! Impressive also is Tagore's sensitive reaction upon the vast cataclysm of the Great War and its aftermath. But the letters are chiefly important as revelations of the inner life of the poet himself. A great soul here speaks to a trusted friend of his deepest secrets and loftiest visions. Page after page have all the beauty of lines from the "Gitanjali." Mr. Andrews accompanies the letters with brief connective passages of sympathetic interpretation, and introduces the whole collection with two illuminating essays on the Bengal Renaissance and the personality of Tagore.

Christian and Jew: A Symposium for Better Understanding. Edited by Isaac Landman. Horace Liveright. $3.

The success of this symposium is as great as its purpose is admirable. The editor's threefold classification of his peculiarly rich and varied array of contributors into "realists," "idealists," and "probers" is a bit arbitrary perhaps. All these broad-minded men face reality, cherish ideals, and are probing for solutions. Still, the division is suggestive and has its uses. Viewpoints in the volume sometimes clash, as when Elmer Davis calls for assimilation, and Israel Abrahams for "more Semitism." Answers to the basic problem are vague, except for the general recognition and proclamation of the principle that the Jew, like other human beings, has the right to be regarded in each separate case for what he is as an individual. What is inspiring is the understanding, sympathy, and fraternal spirit everywhere displayed by this large and distinguished group of public men, of different religions and many walks of life, who seek an end to prejudice and bigotry in the name and for the sake of that universal humanity which makes us one.

The Founding of Western Civilization. By George C. Sellery and A. C. Krey. Harper and Brothers. $5.

The authors of this manual, the latest addition to Harper's Historical Series, edited by Professor Guy Stanton Ford, have ventured to enlarge by about a century and a half, from 1500 to 1660, the period usually regarded as medieval, partly from a desire to complete their survey of some of the events that began earlier, and partly because, in view of this natural overlapping, the added years seem to them to belong as much to the Middle Ages as to modern times. With this exception, the book is another well-written sketch of the history of Western Europe from the time of the barbarian invasions of the Roma Empire, quite as acceptable to the reader who is historicall minded as it is likely to be to college or university students The chapters on social life, landholding, the church, educatior literature, and art, while they interrupt the chronological cours of the narrative, are in general so well done as to call for spe cial praise. The full-page illustrations from contemporar sources have the merit of novelty.

The Romance of Japan. By James A. B. Scherer. Doubleday Doran and Company. $3.50.

This readable story of Japan's history, from the introduction of Buddhism to the passage of the manhood-suffrage act, is a better book than its title would indicate. It gives a vivid, sympathetic interpretation of the flowering of modern Japan out of its medieval past.

Our Neighbor Nicaragua. By Floyd Cramer. Frederick A Stokes Company. $2.50.

Mr. Cramer makes an amiable attempt to write an impartial history of Nicaragua, but something which he would probably call his "patriotism" gets the better of him. He cites the facts of the record, but fails to give the color of the tropical land. Sandino is just a bandit to him, and the Marine Corps is educating the Nicaraguans in self-government!

Blue Blood in Animals. By H. Munro Fox. Brentano's. $2.50.

Slight essays by an English biologist; the best concerns animal life in the Suez Canal, where Eastern waters meet Western.

Queer Fish. By C. M. Yonge. Brentano's. $2.50.

Why herring are more abundant in cold years than in warm; the mystery of the oyster pearl; the uncanny ability of the "ship-worm" to eat wood; how to farm oysters and to sterilize mussels—these and other subsea topics Mr. Yonge discusses, combining the fresh fruits of research with the honored tradition of British essay-writing.

Films

A Year of Talkies

IT is only a year since "The Jazz Singer" broke upon us, but the revolution occasioned by this sudden appearance of a talking movie-play has been as thorough as could possibly be imagined. The one regrettable result of the revolution has been the virtual disappearance of the silent picture from the bigger houses on Broadway. Thus the week beginning June 9 witnessed, among the Broadway first runs, fourteen talking pictures and only three silent ones. One need not share the sophomoric enthusiasm which has recently developed for the silent picture, or pay much attention to the confused and often ignorant theories with which this enthusiasm is usually buttressed, to feel distressed at the sight of this wholesale slaughter. It looks as if the silent picture as an entertainment for the masses were definitely facing extinction. A year or so until the picture houses are "wired" for sound in this country, a little longer perhaps in other parts of the world, and the only silent pictures left will be those especially intended for the small ranks of admirers of cinematic art. But, deploring this fact as we may, let us also remember that among the films made during the past twenty-five years one would be hard put to it to count an equal number of cinematic masterpieces (outside of Chaplin's work, most, though by no means

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l, of which is certain to survive, thanks to Chaplin's own enius as a performer). In a sense, therefore, one may welome the present commercial eclipse of the silent picture as means of its emancipation from Hollywood with the posbility of its renaissance on an entirely new aesthetic foundaon. The technical improvements forecast by the talkies, such s the enlarged projection and effects of color and depth, are lso sure to redound to the benefit of the silent picture whose eans will thus be enriched for the conquest of forms of exression which are no less fascinating than the flat monochrome f the film of today.

And now we may ask what progress has been made durg the year of talkies. Judging by the opinions voiced in ie press the progress must have been enormous. On closer xamination, however, one finds that it is usually the fickle itic's conversion to the talking picture that is announced as nprovement of the pictures themselves.

So far it is in the most important direction that one finds ie least advancement. An absolutely faultless reproduction of uman speech is obviously the first consideration in a talking icture. And yet today, as a year ago, we are still treated hollow and squawking and lisping voices, and even to imerfect synchronization. To quote a few instances, in "Couette" Mary Pickford's voice was too painful to listen to (it ould seem, women's voices generally suffer more than men's), nd in "Broadway" one saw the flapping lips of the characters hile the sound seemed to come from an entirely different diection. It is not for a layman to discuss frequencies, acoustics, nd other technical matters, but it is clear that far from suffient care is being taken to insure perfect reproduction *in the heaters* which is the only part of the process of direct and aramount interest to the audience. The very fact that in some ictures shown on Broadway the reproduction sounded wellgh perfect (as in "The Rainbow Man," for instance, which ie present writer heard from a seat very close to the screen), hile in other pictures it was almost unbearable, is proof posive that producers are too much in a hurry to display their roduct. In these mechanical matters, even at the present stage f their progress, there should be no such thing as taking potick when one goes to a talking movie.

And how have the talkies fared as dramatic entertainment? Vhen they appeared first those who were able to cast off old rejudices instantly saw that the thing worked—that it got its ramatic effects over as easily as the stage, and more easily ian the silent picture—and this in spite of its obvious crudity. oday we still say that the thing works, though the crudity only a little less obvious than it used to be. Unquestionably, iere has been a noticeable advance in the general treatment of lays. Scenes run more smoothly into one another, acting is ss stiff, and effects are increasingly more cinematic. The ction in "Bulldog Drummond" is as swift and continuous as any old Hollywood mystery drama. In "Madame X" Ruth hatterton is the acme of naturalness. In "The Trial of Mary Dugan" the district attorney's finger pointing at the acused, with his voice off-stage, and similar instances in other ictures, separating the voice from the image of its owner, proide examples of distinctively cinematic technique. Another istance of such technique is "Broadway's" attempt to introduce "fade-out" of sound. And yet stage models still govern the reen versions in their major parts. And for reasons which it difficult to discern, the total effect of the talking picture is enerally thin, lacking in substance. Strange as it may appear, silent picture seems to be freighted with sensory appeal. A icture like "The Last Laugh" is a veritable "eye-full." In ie talkies, much as you may be moved by the drama, you el it is a drama in a world of ghosts. Perhaps, the introuction of stereoscopic projection coupled with color will solve is problem.

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International Relations Section

Afghanistan

By T. H. K. REZMIE

THE rivalry of Russia and Britain for the control of Afghanistan dates back to the Victorian era, when British statesmen thought they heard across India's northwestern frontier the footsteps of "the bear that walks like a man." Great Britain has always been convinced that the aim of Russian policy in the East is encroachment on John Bull's preserve in India, and that Russia therefore is always trying to secure ascendancy at Kabul. That conviction has forced on Great Britain the duty of fighting the Indian battle in Kabul and she has pursued this with deadly earnestness, twice leading military expeditions into the heart of Afghanistan, to down a pro-Russian ameer or to plant a British puppet.

Until the advent of the World War the pendulum of favor at the court of Kabul swung alternately between the English and the Czars. In 1914 Habibullah Khan, then ameer, declared himself neutral, but out of friendship for the British kept Afghanistan a Chinese Wall against all those who tried to foment revolt in India. At the conclusion of the war, Ameer Habibullah was assassinated for his pro-British attitude, or so it was stated openly at the time, and a set of unusual circumstances carried Amanullah Khan, third son of the late ameer, to the throne.

As the Governor of Kabul, during his father's reign, Amanullah had spent much time studying the problems of administration of his country, and meeting his people. His first thought on coming to power was to make Afghanistan fully sovereign, internally secure, and externally independent. British wars on Kabul and the subservience of Habibullah had placed control of Afghan foreign affairs in the hands of the British government which had utilized this control to isolate Afghanistan from the outside world, and use her as a sort of ditch before the British citadel in India. Amanullah knew it was impossible to regenerate his country without securing freedom from alien interference and control, and forthwith he declared his complete independence.

The third Afghan war was therefore declared in 1919 and, unlike the previous two, was fought by a determined and united Afghanistan against a depleted British Indian army, further weakened by the rebellious discontent with British rule in India. The issue was not long in doubt. The swiftness of General Nadir Khan's attack on Peshawar and the impossibility of lining up the disloyal Moslem population of northern India compelled Sir Hamilton Grant, British commander, to compromise the English position. A peace was speedily arranged on the basis of the Afghan demand that thereafter England should have nothing to say in the matter of Afghanistan's relations with foreign countries. The bitter pill had to be swallowed for fear of the loss of the whole Indian empire. And while the Afghan delegates at the peace conference at Mussoorie, India, pulled out their swords in anger each time the British representative, Sir Henry Dobbs, tried to bluff, the Bolshevist regime at Moscow was exchanging diplomatic courtesies and cultivating friendship with Amanullah. Lord Curzon, as Foreign Minister, fought tooth and nail against receiving an Afghan Minister at the Court of St. James's, while the Soviets acclaimed Ghulam Siddiq Khan as an equal and a brother.

Within a year of his accession to the throne, Amanullah had sent envoys to all European capitals and most Asiatic ones. Even the United States was visited by a Minister Plenipotentiary Extraordinary, and though the Anglophile Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, grudged him due honor, President Harding's letter of cordial welcome and his recognition of Amanullah were received by the minister on his hasty return to another capital across the Atlantic. Amanullah had put Afghanistan on the map, at least diplomatically. He now set about consolidating his gains. His first problem was at home—the subjugation of unruly tribes.

Only a century ago Afghanistan was a disunited group of independent provinces—Turkestan on the north, Herat in the west, Kandhar in the south, and Ghazni in the east. There was no central authority. The first person who succeeded to any appreciable extent in conquering all the provinces was Ameer Abdur Rehman Khan, the grandfather of Amanullah. But even Abdur Rehman merely managed to make the tribes pay lip homage to him. For all practical purposes, each tribal territory was an autonomous area governed only by the edicts of the chieftains. Taxes, road tolls, justice, education (which in Afghanistan means religious education), and the *ghazza* (war)—that eternal pastime of the Afghans—were all in the hands of the Sirdars. The Durrani tribe was recognized as the nominal ruler because under the leadership of Abdur Rehman, valiant soldier that he was, it had proved its superiority. Abdur Rehman also had made Afghanistan comparatively secure by his impartiality toward Moscow and London, but through his son's docility this impartiality yielded to England during the war.

Educated as few Oriental potentates are, and wide awake to the march of progress in the world, Amanullah knew that the most important thing to do was to establish the authority of the central government. He sent governors to the Turcomans of the north, the Persian stocks in Herat, the Israelite Afghans of Kandhar, and the Aryan stream in the east. There was only one rebellion against his rule and that occurred in 1923 in the eastern district of Khost where the Ghilzais dwell. He himself headed a punitive expedition and put down the rebellion. Then he began to weld the Afghans into a nation-conscious, centrally ruled nation of free and peaceful people. He imported from Germany, Russia, Italy, France, and Turkey educators, instructors, advisers, and merchants. He established schools, factories, military colleges, and arsenals. He ordered a national congress of all the tribal delegates to meet at Kabul every year to discuss affairs of common interest to all Afghans, and he presided at those congresses himself, telling the delegates what their rights and duties were. He organized a cabinet and introduced a system of central levy of taxes, road polls, etc. Well-disciplined troops policed the country and protected her independence from external aggression and internal disturbance. And as far as financial resources permitted, he made an attempt to dress Afghanistan in modern garb. A few years later he decided to take a trip to Europe and see for himself how life was lived there and to make

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ontacts which would be of help in making Afghanistan a ivilized and modern community. He called the tribes together and announced that for the first time in their history their king was to travel in far lands so that his services might benefit them. They assured him of their oyalty. He sailed from Bombay in December, 1927, and ith his Queen visited the European capitals in state, receiving the most lavish acclaim from all the imperialist owers eager for the concessions for exploitation of natural esources, and orders for manufactures essential to the upuilding of a medieval country. The keenest rivalry was anifested in London and Moscow. Amanullah discreetly ept silent as to his preferences, even risking the chagrin of he almost indecently hasty Sir Austen Chamberlain, who opped the question of an Anglo-Afghan alliance at the very irst reception in London. Amanullah was a true statesman, nd knew when to answer with a smile instead of words.

Amanullah's absence from the country furnished an deal opportunity for his enemies and they used it to the full. Mullahs and Sirdars had suffered loss of authority and rofit through the centralization of government. But disruntled as they were, they could hardly have organized a uccessful movement without outside encouragement. Unroved charges (and in the nature of things unprovable) lace the blame on the British, more specifically upon "Priate Shaw," better known as Lawrence of Arabia, who vas posted at an aerodrome on the Afghan frontier for seven nonths before Amanullah's overthrow. Whether true or not, he charges were widely believed. Amanullah issued orders or "Shaw's" arrest. In India he was burned in effigy, and n innocent man suspected of being Lawrence in disguise vas nearly lynched by a crowd in Lahore. Moreover, Britsh-made arms and ammunition were found in the possession f rebels, and British representatives were accused, in the House of Commons, of having been in touch with the rebels efore Amanullah abdicated.

On his return Amanullah inaugurated still greater reorms, and following in the footsteps of Kemal Pasha of Turkey began to abolish customs which set apart Afghans rom civilized peoples. He forbade the veil, ordained monogamy, imposed universal education on boys and girls alike, nd in general introduced changes of a fundamental character. In doing so he ignited the powder magazine which had een prepared for him in his absence. The Shinwari tribes, he strongest in the Eastern Province, revolted. The Khogianis joined them later. Amanullah delayed taking drastic ction in the hope of a bloodless pacification. Delay, however, intensified the campaign of the rebels and spread the liscontent. Everywhere his anti-Islamic reforms were nathema. And then when he had almost succeeded in peruading or coercing the rebels to surrender on promise of brogating the more radical laws, out of a clear sky a brignd, nicknamed Bacha Saqao, appeared with five thousand f his Kohistani gangmen from the north, armed to the teeth vith British-made arms and ammunitions, and struck at Kabul. A pitched battle was fought between him and Amaullah's soldiers who were ordered to shed no unnecessary lood. But the brigand-chief had the advantage because of he rebellious state of the East. He won the battle of Kabul, hree miles from the city. Instead of further opposing him nd shedding more blood, Amanullah decided to put himself ut of the way and left the throne to his priestly-brother

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Inayatullah, himself departing for his home in Kandhar.

The brigand entered Kabul, and declared himself ameer, with the name of Habibullah. He gave the British government authority to fly its airplanes over Afghanistan daily and in any way it chose. He prosecuted the Russians in the service of Kabul, and finally forced the Soviet Minister to leave Afghanistan out of disgust and resentment at the ill-treatment he had received. The snows in Afghanistan were heavy, but with the spring Amanullah resumed his efforts to oust the brigand from Kabul, because hundreds of thousands of Afghans desired him to do so. He started from Kandhar with 30,000 soldiers, 5,000 of them women, for emergency service, and advanced 100 miles, a third of the way to Kabul. His friends in the West and East advanced simultaneously. Then tribal feuds broke out among his followers and they fell back before the now well-disciplined and heavily armed soldiery of Habibullah. Amanullah's advance checked, new pretenders to the throne arose and half a dozen men declared themselves ameers on the basis of their control of their respective followings. The Ghilzais played false with Amanullah and got on the band-wagon of Bacha Saqao, who saw his chance and began to sweep away all opposition to his rule, defeating the small tribal units one by one. Amanullah, forlorn and discouraged, came to the conclusion that efforts to rally the Afghans at present would be futile. Harassed in the field and worried over the health of his Queen who was about to become a mother he departed from Afghanistan via Bombay. The field is now in more or less complete possession of Habibullah, the waterboy, who has abolished all the laws of Amanullah, reestablished the code of bigoted fanaticism, and set back the hands of the clock. It will be some time before the smoke of the battle clears and sense returns to the people. Then the may be a movement for the return of Amanullah and h reforms. But for the moment, friends of Russia are ou and England is in. And of course Great Britain has bee strictly "neutral" throughout this whole affair, confining he self to the humanitarian activity of evacuating foreigne from Kabul, with bombing airplanes, which cruise at will.

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

CARLETON BEALS has just left Spain.

STUART CHASE, formerly of the staff of *The Nation,* is author of "Men and Machines."

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